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THE DYING PARLIAMENT.

THE House of Commons reassembled on Thursday, and immediately plunged into one of the fierce struggles of personal controversy which have been the characteristic feature of this forlorn, ill-fated Session. The particular matter of debate, however, happened on this occasion to be one of great public importance. Mr. GLADSTONE wrote a letter last week with the object of influencing, so far as he could, the East Worcestershire election, and in this letter he stated that the Ministry had recently proclaimed that their policy with regard to religious bodies in Ireland was one of a general endowment of all, as opposed to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. Into the question whether this letter was wise, prudent, and in good taste, it is unnecessary now to enter. It is stated to have been successful, and perhaps the thought that it helped to win an election for his nephew, when the contest was avowedly fought on the question of the Irish Church, may console Mr. GLADSTONE for any adverse criticism that might be brought against it. It is also needless to do more than notice, in passing, the perfectly needless and wanton provocation given by Mr. DISRAELI in pretending to think that this letter was only an election squib, and a bad caricature of Mr. GLADSTONE'S worst style. Mr. DISRAELI knew perfectly well that Mr. GLADSTONE wrote it. The really important point is whether the statement contained in it was true or not. We have no hesitation in saying that it was perfectly true. The leading members of the Ministry may now say that they never had any intention of proposing an endowment of the different religious bodies in Ireland; and it is very probable that there was no express, definite, avowed resolve on the part of the leaders of the Government, as there certainly was none on the part of the Cabinet generally, to give endowments to the Catholics and Presbyterians. But no one can doubt that there was a floating idea, a general tentative policy, on the part of Mr. DISRAELI and one or two of his immediate confidants, to seek in a general scheme of endowment the solution of that great difficulty which is caused by the existence of the Irish Church. It was exactly the story of household suffrage once again, which was the general aim of Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI months before such an idea was communicated to the rest of the Cabinet. No one can believe that when Mr. DISRAELI declared that the true way of dealing with religious establishments in Ireland was not to destroy, but to create; when Lord STANLEY, after having declared that the Irish question was the great question of the day, stated that he believed very few men could think a mere rearrangement of the revenues of the Irish Church would suffice; when Lord MAYO, as the exponent of the "truly Liberal policy" of the Government towards Ireland, stated that religious equality must be achieved there by levelling up—no one who approaches the question free from the trammels of party can believe that all that those three Ministers meant was, not that they would do anything whatever new, not that they had any remedial measures to propose, but that they would continue to support the appointment of Catholic chaplains in the army and in prisons. They had not a definite intention, perhaps, of endowing the Catholics, but they had a decided leaning to this as the true policy; it was towards this they were directing their efforts, and they only wanted to know how such a policy would be received. They put forward indications of their views, decided enough to enable them to feel the way, not decided enough to commit them irretrievably. They acted exactly as the Emperor of the FRENCH acts when he wants to accustom France to something which he fears will not perhaps go down well with the country. He first gives a mysterious hint in a speech to a Mayor; then a pamphlet comes out; then a Government paper goes in strongly for the EMPEROR'S secret proposal; then the *Moniteur* faintly denies that the EMPEROR

had ever entertained such an idea; and thus the pulse of the country is felt. If France disapproves, the whole thing fades off into oblivion; if France approves, the intention is avowed, and it is seen to be one of those wonderfully wise and original ideas which the EMPEROR has cherished in his bosom for the last twenty years. This may be all very well in a system of personal government, but it is absolutely fatal to a system of Parliamentary government. For this government it is necessary, above all, that the country should believe that the leaders of political parties are men who honestly try to form opinions, and who courageously avow them. That the Ministers should have formed a project of endowing the Roman Catholics is, to our thinking, no reproach to them at all. It is a plan which is now impracticable, but that it was not adopted when it was practicable is among the chief misfortunes of Ireland. If the Ministry had advocated this policy openly and boldly, they would have been beaten on it both in the House and in the country, but they would have retired with credit, and with the reputation of having pursued an honest, statesmanlike course. As it is, they have awakened all the opposition which an adoption of this policy was sure to arouse, and they have also incurred the odium of shrinking from their intentions, and of stooping to such miserable evasions as the poor device of the army and prison chaplains.

No one respects the Ministry. There are in it many able administrators; and some honest, though not very great, politicians. But as a Ministry it has no hold on the respect either of the country or the House. The consequence is that the House of Commons, which, to do itself justice, must be under the guidance of a Ministry it respects, has sunk to a really pitiful state of demoralization. Parliamentary degradation can hardly go further than when an English county member occupies the time of the House with a long discussion on the question whether a person like Mr. REARDEN ceased to be a supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE because they differed on the Contagious Diseases Act. Let us trust that this unhappy assembly will get itself out of the way at the earliest possible moment. At first Mr. DISRAELI was all eagerness for an autumn Session and a previous dissolution. He was longing to put himself right with Parliament and the country as soon as possible. Then came a pause, and then Mr. DISRAELI informed the House that the difficulties in the way of an early dissolution were greater than had been anticipated. Even on Thursday night the Ministry had nothing more to say than that they could not guess whether a dissolution in the early autumn would or would not be possible. Mr. HARDY announced a Bill for accelerating the registration, and this was so far well. But the Ministry evidently wanted something to quicken their resolution, and this was supplied by Mr. CHILDERS asking for how many months the supplies could be voted. There is nothing necessarily hostile in this. If there is to be a new Parliament in the autumn, the regular constitutional course is to vote the supplies yet remaining to be voted only for so many months as will leave the control over the remainder to the new Parliament, while providing for all the wants of the public service until the new Parliament can act. If there is not to be an autumn Session, then the present Parliament must vote the supplies for the full year. The question, therefore, of how long the supplies are to be voted for affords a convenient opportunity of forcing the Government to say definitely whether there is to be a dissolution in the autumn or not. The Ministry must be in a position by this time to say whether an autumn Session is possible. There are, as every one acquainted with the subjects knows too well, great practical difficulties in the way of an autumn Session, even if the present Parliament did all in its power to make one practicable. But the balance of opinion, on the part of those entitled to speak with authority on the subject, seems to incline in the direction of the possibility of an autumn Session. The Government has now had a month to consider

the point, and it ought to have made itself master of all the details which must be known in order to come to a decision.

If the Government thinks it impossible to have a dissolution in the autumn, it ought to say so openly, and justify its opinion by arguments and evidence that will satisfy every one. If it thinks that a dissolution is possible in the autumn, provided that the present Parliament does certain things within a certain time, the things to be done and the time within which they are to be done ought to be clearly explained. We cannot conceive that the House of Commons will offer any real opposition to an early dissolution if once the necessity for despatch and its utility are established by the Ministry. Some bounds on the idiotic vagaries of private members must undoubtedly be imposed; and each side must abstain from those provocations and insinuations which have taken up so much of the time of the House, and for which no one, we regret to say, is more to blame than Mr. DISRAELI, who last year, when he was triumphant, showed so much tact and conciliation. If he should ever have to lead a majority of the Commons, he would, we doubt not, be the blandest and most courteous of Ministers; but the trials of the present Session have been too much for him, and for every one else. Both he and Mr. BRIGHT seem to have abandoned their difficult practice of simulated moderation. There is nothing to stop an early dissolution in the state of Parliamentary business. The Scotch Bill is virtually passed. The Boundary Bill ought now to be accepted as amended, without further discussion. The Select Committee did their work very quickly and very easily, for they merely decided that large towns which did not wish for additions should not have them, and this at once simplified everything, and cut away the only principle on which the Boundary Bill was originally proposed by Mr. DISRAELI as a great constitutional and Conservative measure. There remains nothing but the Irish Reform Bill, and there does not seem much to discuss in that. Of course Irish members may go on talking for a fortnight about it, but the natural impatience of the House may probably induce them not to speak very much unless they have got something seriously to propose or object to. The difficulties in the way of an autumn Session do not lie in the state of public business in the present House, so much as in the creation of a machinery by which the electoral body may be constituted with sufficient rapidity and sufficient completeness. It would be much better to wait till the new year than to have a premature election which gave ground for saying that the sense of the country had not been fairly taken. But if a satisfactory election can be held in the autumn it ought to be held, both for the honour of the Ministry, and also that the present state of suspense as to the fate of the Irish Church may be terminated as soon as possible.

AMERICA.

THE managers of the American impeachment have not yet acknowledged their defeat. As soon as the first verdict of acquittal was delivered, the House of Representatives demanded from the Senate a formal account of its proceedings, for the express purpose of commencing a pretended investigation into alleged charges of corruption. Many Senators protested against an insolent imputation on the integrity of their body; but the majority preferred the interest or passion of their party to the honour of the Senate, and a Committee of the House has since been examining witnesses in the hope of proving that the dissentient Republican Senators were bribed. As an additional pretext for the inquiry, the managers profess to suspect the PRESIDENT of attempts to corrupt the Senate, and they assert that it is their duty to ascertain whether there may not be new materials for impeachment. In the meantime, the Senate abstains from giving judgment on the eight remaining articles; nor can there be any doubt that the death or apostacy of any member of the minority would be instantly followed by a conviction. As soon as the Arkansas Bill is passed, the party of impeachment will have a clear majority in the Senate; and Mr. STEVENS has scarcely concealed his intention of procuring an adverse verdict from judges who had not assumed their functions at the conclusion of the trial. It is barely possible that the taste and conscience of the country will revolt against the cynical immorality of the extreme Republican faction; but the dominant party may fairly assume that the Democrats, if they succeeded to power, would be as reckless and unprincipled as themselves. The suspension of the impeachment will probably serve the interests of the PRESIDENT better than an acquittal, by furnishing him with an additional motive for prudent conduct. He has thus far not been tempted by unexpected success into any extravagance of act or word. His

feelings are perhaps soothed by the resignation of Mr. STANTON, and the nomination of a candidate for the War Department, in the person of General SCHOFIELD, who has proved acceptable to the Senate, will probably have a conciliatory effect.

The Chicago Convention was compelled, in pursuance of previous arrangements, to meet while the verdict of the Senate was still uncertain. The Senate had adjourned the vote, in the hope that the result of the Convention would influence its hesitating members, and for the same reason the proceedings of the Convention were apparently hurried over. There is, however, no reason to suppose that further deliberation would have altered the platform, or have affected the selection of candidates. It was certain from the first that General GRANT would be chosen by acclamation, and the best judges of electoral combinations foretold the success of Mr. COLFAX. It was in vain that the friends of Mr. WADE urged that he deserved compensation for the too probable disappointment of his hopes of provisional succession to the Presidency. The Convention perhaps reflected that the incompetence of Mr. WADE had furnished a strong argument for the acquittal of the PRESIDENT, and they may have thought that it was scarcely desirable to take the risk of another casual President who would be as unpolished as Mr. JOHNSON, and far less able. Mr. COLFAX from the first commanded a larger number of votes than any of his competitors; and, after the elimination of some of the candidates, he was chosen by the requisite majority. No man has deserved better of his party, as all the great powers allowed to the Speaker have been uniformly employed by Mr. COLFAX for the benefit of the Republicans. In England a Speaker is expected to be strictly impartial, and his duty is limited to the maintenance of order, and the enforcement of the rules of the House. The Speaker of the American House of Representatives names the members of the Committees which transact the most important part of the business of Congress. It is by the favour of Mr. COLFAX that Mr. MASON has controlled the policy of reconstruction, that Mr. BANKS has presided over the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and that the Democrats have been excluded from preliminary legislation before they have been silenced by the previous question. In ability the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency is probably superior to his rivals, and in the event of succession to the Presidency he would perhaps fill the place without discredit. The second office in the State is almost a sinecure, as long as the PRESIDENT is not removed by death or impeachment. The designation of an heir-presumptive to an estate held only for four years is rather a compliment than a substantial benefit.

Even if General GRANT's name had not been indispensable to the Convention, the Commander-in-Chief has lately given an undeniable pledge of his fidelity to the party by declaring his approval of the impeachment. If he is sincere, his self-denying patriotism is more to be admired than his judgment. If Mr. JOHNSON had been prosecuted in his private capacity, it is intelligible that a personal enemy whom he had charged with the grossest perfidy should desire to be revenged; but the security and dignity of the PRESIDENT's office concern the future successor more nearly than the outgoing tenant. General GRANT must be understood to admit the principle that a President is guilty of impeachable crimes if he refuses to submit to a majority of two-thirds in both Houses of Congress. For the present, he has no reason to apprehend a collision with the Senate or with the House of Representatives; but an ambitious President would not wish to be dependent on a shifting majority. It is almost impossible that General GRANT should have no opinions on policy or administration, and he must be singularly constituted if he cherishes respect or confidence towards the actual leaders of Congress; yet it must be assumed that he really approves of political impeachments, as he might have secured his nomination without departing from his accustomed reserve. His name will be worth thousands of votes to the Republicans, who perhaps will constitute a majority in the Northern States. With the aid of the enfranchised negroes and of white dissidents from Southern feeling, General GRANT and Mr. COLFAX will probably be elected in November. Their majority might be somewhat larger if the all but unanimous legislation of the Northern States had not excluded the negroes from the right of voting. American legislation—representing, like the decrees of an absolute monarch, only the will of the sovereign—is both theoretically and practically exempt from all rules of logical unity. When it is determined by those who prevent any negro from voting in their own States that all negroes shall vote in other States, the legislator consistently attends in both cases only to his own inclination.

The platform, or series of Resolutions, adopted by the

Convention betrays a suspicion that the Republicans are not united on the question of negro suffrage in the South. In direct opposition to the reconstruction proposed by Congress, the Convention recommends that each State should regulate its own suffrage, under the condition that the franchise shall be impartially extended to negroes as well as to whites. Impartial suffrage, as it is called, would be intrinsically just, and politically expedient, if only the superstitious belief in universal suffrage for the white race had not rendered a sounder system impossible. If Congress guarantees impartial suffrage, and if all the white population insists on voting, the negroes also must be promiscuously enfranchised; yet, although the Resolution of the Convention may offer no protection to the Southern whites, even verbal moderation on the part of the Republican leaders is a gratifying novelty. Declarations in favour of equal taxation, of the encouragement of immigration, and even against official corruption, have no definite meaning or importance. The proposal that political disabilities shall be removed from the so-called rebels, as soon as the public safety allows of the change, is at least ostensibly liberal. The declaration that the debt ought to be paid according to the letter and spirit of the contract might point to payment in gold, or to evasion by greenbacks; but an express protest against repudiation supports the more creditable interpretation. The Convention carefully abstains from the vexed question of protection or free-trade; and, as might have been expected, it denounces the policy of President JOHNSON. The resolution in favour of impeachment was perhaps intended to influence the action of the Senate; and, if the prosecution is dropped, it will be practically inoperative. As far as domestic affairs are concerned, the platform is moderate and reasonable, as might be expected on behalf of a party which has lately been gravely compromised by the violence of its leaders.

The concluding resolutions are melancholy specimens of venal malignity. A declaration of sympathy for peoples struggling for their rights is virtually addressed to Ireland, unless Crete is included for the purpose of placing Turkey in the same category with England. The promise of protection to naturalized citizens, who need no protection, and the announcement of resistance at all hazards to the doctrine, not insisted on by Great Britain, which denies the right of expatriation, are, like the previous professions of sympathy, conventional expressions of goodwill to the Fenian conspiracy. Manchester, Clerkenwell, and New South Wales have apparently earned the admiration of the politicians who wish, not to go to war with England, but to purchase, at any sacrifice of dignity and decency, the Irish vote. The display of meanness is the more lamentable because it will be useless, for the Fenians will vote for the Democratic candidate. The Chicago platform ought not to be forgotten when blind fanatics and partisans in England again endeavour to persuade their countrymen that the Republicans are less wantonly hostile than their opponents to a nation which has never wilfully wronged America.

THE EMPEROR AT ROUEN.

NAPOLEON III. has managed again at Rouen to disappoint his critics, and to say nothing with great success. The Cardinal de BONNECHOSE and the Bishop of ORLEANS have this month afforded him the opportunity of disguising his political thoughts under a thin but complete layer of pious meditations. The new theological thesis that the love of one's Emperor is inseparable in all the best Frenchmen from the love of God, is one calculated to startle an ordinary mind, but it is impossible to discuss seriously the naïve religious propositions of a politician who never became a "Saviour" of any sort, or a favourite of Catholic Cardinals, till about three-quarters of a year ago. For a second time this month the EMPEROR has half-deserved the gratitude of anxious Europe by consenting to avoid all topics that could irritate or alarm. The conversation with M. POUYER QUERTIER, in which HIS MAJESTY is reported to have promised an extension of liberty to the French Chambers, might be set down as apocryphal if the reign of NAPOLEON III. had not been distinguished by showers of similar promises. There is no reason to suppose that the author of that Imperial edifice which has so long awaited its coping-stone ever hesitates to give these harmless assurances, or allows the recollection of them to disturb his dreams. The real or fictitious colloquy with the Mayor of ROUEN shows that peaceful protestations have been the programme of the summer, and the disappearance of the Tunis difficulty has left the French waters almost calm. A rumour about a renewed movement in Galicia for a day or two disturbed, and was meant to disturb, the Bourse; but the

French police have shown the disinclination of jealous rivals to tolerate an idea which poaches on their preserve, and the flow of discontented Poles towards the Russian frontier either never began or else was precipitately stopped. A paper war still continues between French and Prussian newspapers, but as Germans are naturally slow, and Frenchmen slightly over-talkative, no serious consequences seem to follow the protracted literary conflict; and if it were not that the French army prosecutes its organic reforms, that a gigantic loan is still demanded, apparently for some gigantic effort, and that French troops still seem disposed to remain at Civita Vecchia, time would soon begin to dull and deaden the incessant anticipations of coming evils. The EMPEROR, it is thought, may be on the eve of retiring to Fontainebleau and to the *Life of Caesar*; and even the fiction of an attempted assassination, like the story of Galician troubles, failed to create a panic, and scarcely excited a languid curiosity. The chief sensation of the Paris week has been caused neither by the EMPEROR's speeches nor by those of Mgr. de BONNECHOSE, but by the epigrams of the *Lanterne* and M. HENRI ROCHEFORT. The blessings of the Church and the satires of the journalists naturally seem to fall on the EMPEROR's devoted head at the same time. A facetious soul may find both Cardinal de BONNECHOSE and M. ROCHEFORT entertaining, but probably the EMPEROR relishes more keenly the amusement provided for him by his clerical friends than that furnished by his literary enemies.

Perhaps the most singular phenomenon in France is the growth of a compact body of ultra-Imperialists in the French Chamber. The Arcadians, who were the bitterest enemies of the Bill upon the Press, and who are desirous that the Empire should be as long as possible a reign of military reaction, are a novelty in French politics. There is perhaps nothing in the way of corruption that can compare either in France or in England with the political immorality of a dishonest *nouveau riche*. When imbecile men of rank, successful commercial adventurers, and determined bigots join hands together, the fraternity produced by their alliance is infinitely disresponsible. The French Legislature began, long before the days of the Second Empire, to be the resort of clerical tools, of rich buffoons, and of vile flatterers of power. BALZAC and CHARLES DE BERNARD have immortalized the mixture, and it was at one time thought that political intrigue had culminated in an Orleanist representative Chamber. It is now quite certain that those who said so did injustice to the rising star of the young captive of Ham. Nobody who wished to be just would like to say that the EMPEROR was a man insensible to all generous impulses, or who deliberately approved of corruption in those about him. The chief evil of such Governments as the Imperial are that they collect round the central figure of the Sovereign admirers and satellites a hundred times worse than himself. Fifteen years of absolute profligacy in all the outer circles of the French administration have produced in Paris a coterie of Imperial fanatics, who, descending to an ideal pitch of degradation, positively care more about the Empire than they do about the EMPEROR himself. If there is one thing more unpleasant than the man who toadies his fellow-beings, it is the man who toadies the ephemeral institutions of his day, and the poorest of political creatures is probably the person who has made Napoleonism so thoroughly his creed as to be inclined to blame NAPOLEON III. as a backslider from the faith. Human nature is capable of much, but on reading the debates in the French Legislature it sometimes occurs to one to wonder whether fifteen years of Imperialism in England would produce in the House of Commons the same crop of unctuous and pious waiters upon Providence. At any rate the growth in France has been rapid and remarkable, and the devotion of his proselytes of the gate on more than one occasion has seriously embarrassed the French EMPEROR. Perhaps it is not unnatural that it should be so. The EMPEROR himself has hardly as much prospective interest in his dynasty as the men who, younger than their master, look forward to long golden years of political corruption under the *régime* of a fresh and young-blooded successor. It is not that they care about the man, but they enjoy the system. It has made them rich and prosperous, and it may make them richer and more powerful. They are therefore inexpressibly solicitous that NAPOLEON III. should not move a single brick of the precious edifice that he has constructed, and, as the POPE is less orthodox than the *Congregation*, NAPOLEON III. is but a feeble brother as compared with his ultra-Imperialists in the Senate and the Corps Législatif. Ultra-Imperialism this week is thought to have been at the bottom of the report about the design

against the EMPEROR's life, for disseminating which it seems the *Pays* is to be prosecuted. The manufacture of such idle gossip in old times used to be entrusted to the French police, at a time when it was desirable to represent the EMPEROR as threatened daily by the instruments of anarchy. Ultra-Imperialism is so much more zealous than the police of Paris as to have displaced them from this portion of their functions. But the assiduous loyalty which coins conspiracies in order to retard political progress has been an annoyance rather than an assistance to the Government, and Arcadians are likely to receive their first great lesson in the punishment of the Editor of the *Pays*. They have been sufficiently troublesome this year to all Government departments to make their discomfiture a source of malicious pleasure to more than one Minister, and even the squibs of the *Lanterne* and the benedictions of Cardinal DE BONNECHOSE reflect less ridicule on the Empire than the eternal croakings and follies of the ultra-Imperialist cabal.

In spite of all the programme of the Imperial Constitution, it is true to a certain extent that changes are taking place, and that the principle of self-government, as NAPOLEON III. told M. POUYER QUERTIER, is being silently developed. Five years back no political idea received at the hands of Imperialist authorities so large a measure of extravagant and irrational abuse as the idea of Ministerial responsibility to the Chamber. Insensibly the responsibility of the EMPEROR's Ministers is beginning to be more and more acknowledged. The reason is so simple and natural as to appear almost a bathos when it is stated. It is not part and parcel of any deep political secret, and there is no mystery about it. The truth is that SYLLA becomes less indefatigable and self-reliant in proportion as he ages. When NAPOLEON III. first tried his prentice hand at remodelling Europe and giving laws to the world, the result was that his Ministers were mere officials, and discharged only Executive or Ministerial duties. The EMPEROR's ambition and appetite for power are possibly less vehement, he reposes less on himself and more on his advisers, and last year Europe saw the new spectacle of a NAPOLEON succumbing at a crisis to the dominant influence of those about him. Amidst this general relaxation of constitutional severities, the Corps Législatif, imitating the Ministry, has begun to filch a few crumbs of independence for itself; and M. ROUHER, in order to govern France, occasionally finds it desirable to manage the majority in the French Chambers. It is true that the increase of license has ensued as yet to the benefit and personal enjoyment of the Arcadians, and that this last Session has seen the Ministerialists dividing with the Opposition in the seats of a fanatical minority composed of the friends of reaction. The precedent of independence, by whomsoever set, operates in the direction of reform, and the tumultuous demonstrations of the Arcadian benches strengthen the hands of M. JULES FAVRE instead of weakening them. The practical autonomy of the Chamber cannot much longer be deferred, and this is the form in which, should the EMPEROR's life be prolonged, the dawn of liberty will once more reappear in France. Already M. ROUHER has become necessary to the Government, chiefly on account of his remarkable ability in Parliamentary debate; and M. ROUHER, in his present condition, is a sort of missing link between the chief confidant of an Emperor and a constitutional Prime Minister.

MR. BRIGHT AT LIVERPOOL.

THE last triumphant effort of an enthusiast about nationalities is probably achieved when he has managed to feel an emotion on the subject of the Welsh. Mr. BRIGHT at Liverpool discharged the final duty of a vindicator of races when he announced his admiration for the characteristics of his Celtic audience, and went so far as to assert that, though he could not understand a syllable they said, he liked to listen to the sound of their "energetic" and "beautiful" language. Mr. BRIGHT is not as advanced about Welshmen as Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD; he does not yet perhaps look on the Eisteddfod as a regenerating European influence; but he discovered last Wednesday that he likes the Welsh language, and he might perhaps be brought, under the pressure of a great political crisis, to avow his fondness for the Welsh harp. These little compliments that pass between a speaker and his hearers ought not perhaps to be too scrupulously weighed, and if Mr. BRIGHT in the autumn revisits the Scotch, no one will feel indignant if he is found suddenly transferring his affection from the Welsh language to the Highland bagpipes. The subject of his speech on Wednesday was of course the Irish Church, and this is one in which Noncon-

formist Welshmen are particularly interested. What Mr. BRIGHT had to say was not new, but platitudes are the necessary produce of platform oratory, and it would be ridiculous to expect on such an occasion that any novel or profound light would be thrown on the Irish Ecclesiastical question. The issue is a broad and simple one, which admits of popular statement, and will be decided by the country at large without minute discussion of statistical or controversial detail. Mr. BRIGHT is justified in saying that the majority of intelligent Englishmen, and almost all intelligent foreigners who view our institutions from outside, are agreed in regarding the Irish Church as a political abuse. The opposition offered by the higher English clergy to its removal he would judge less harshly if he reflected how difficult it is for the ministers of any Church to be philosophically cool when its temporalities are about to be submitted to the pruning-knife of a lay Parliament. No doubt Archbishops and Bishops would act with more worldly wisdom if they could divest themselves of the idea that the Establishment was a sort of sacred Ark, which it is impiety to touch; but the Irish question is just sufficiently mixed up with religious topics to make it natural that the threatened clergy in Ireland and their clerical brethren here should become keen politicians for the nonce. That the broader question of State Churches in the abstract is connected directly with that of the abolition of the Irish institution, Mr. BRIGHT was too candid to deny otherwise than faintly; though, with the prudence of a political leader, and the moderation of a possible Minister, he preferred to be willing to adjourn *sine die* all immediate consideration of the status of the English Church. No honest man, whatever his opinions, will doubt that the seeds of some such convulsive controversy have been already sown, and will come to their head in a future generation. At some more or less distant period there will of course be an English, just as there is an Irish, ecclesiastical question; similar opponents will assail, similar defendants protect, a not dissimilar Troy.

Atque iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles.

It is not therefore surprising that Mr. GLADSTONE should have fluttered so many episcopal doves. If the startled inhabitants of the cots have displayed a natural agitation, it is not because they are mistaken in believing themselves interested in the matter, but because they fail to disencumber themselves of inveterate prejudice. The expediency or inexpediency of a State Church is a question which may well be decided differently according to time and circumstances; but an established clergy falls easily into the habit of believing that it has a sort of divine right, under all changes and conditions, to continue in the political position in which accident has placed it. It will perhaps be a consolation to the right reverend body whom Mr. BRIGHT so severely criticizes, to reflect that nothing has happened to them this week which has not also happened to the Judges of the land. Mr. BRIGHT's spirit of iconoclasm will not even let a Chief Justice dine in peace. During a recent visit to Dolgelly, the great Reformer observed the horrid luxury of the English Judge, who seems to have travelled on the Welsh Circuit with his cook. As Judges at each circuit town are driven to put up in private houses specially vacated for their reception, and as it is part of their ordinary duty to entertain their Circuit Bars on set occasions, it is difficult to see what, in a country where cookery is not highly cultivated, they would do without cooks of some description; but it is characteristic of Mr. BRIGHT that he should at once assume the worst against even the unoffending ministers of the law. The fact that a Judge, on his arrival at Dolgelly, had found but two thieves, speaks volumes either for the honesty or the indifference of Dolgelly morals; but the Judge's cook was thrown in from a sort of quaint revolutionary humour which makes Mr. BRIGHT feel as if cookery and kick-shaws were incompatible with the pure principles of a patriot.

Mr. BRIGHT's Liverpool oration lasted into the second day, and on Thursday he addressed the leading Liberals at Liverpool with especial reference to the chief topics of his own career. The retrospect of one's own political history is a subject which it is difficult to handle with reserve or delicacy; and the real thing which spectators have a right to insist upon as a moderate approximation to the truth. As compared with all the wild fictions which Mr. DISRAELI last year palmed off upon Scotch Conservatives as authentic autobiography, Mr. BRIGHT's review of his own political life is justifiable and accurate. The Conservative surrender of last year has indeed rendered it impossible for moderate politicians to denounce Mr. BRIGHT any longer as a firebrand. If Mr. DISRAELI's Reform Bill was a great Bill, the inventor of household suffrage cannot reasonably be scouted as a traitor to the Constitution; and Mr. DISRAELI's

Scotch hallucinations about the past conduct of himself and party warrant Radical leaders in indulging in equally modest, and perhaps more veracious, self-congratulation. The great measures of the last five-and-twenty years are to a considerable degree connected with the name of Mr. BRIGHT, and with the name of a still more considerable man, the late Mr. COBDEN; and the controversies through which they both have passed have been full of personal bitterness. It is on the whole probable that the hitting has been equally hard upon both sides, and Mr. BRIGHT and the Tory party have neither given nor taken quarter. Had it not been so, and had less social acrimony been infused into the conflict, perhaps Mr. BRIGHT would not have been the popular leader that he is. The repeal of the Corn Laws and of the Paper Duty, the French Treaty, and the late Reform Bill are measures which he is never tired of recounting, and which, in common with other contemporary fellow-statesmen, he has successfully achieved. All institutions which began in the far past require constant remodelling and reformation, and it is not therefore strange that the greatest feats in legislation should have been accomplished by the Liberal party, or that in the end Mr. BRIGHT should be able to look round triumphantly upon the battles he has won. It is a pity at the present moment that the old strain of bitter feeling should be revived in his speeches, for though there are numbers of Englishmen who differ *toto caelo* from Mr. BRIGHT, and who are disposed to hear his praises without much pleasure, he is one of the few party celebrities who have contrived to emerge from the recent Reform struggle with unstained political honour. That Mr. DISRAELI deserves all that Mr. BRIGHT manages to say of him is probable, if not certain; but denunciations of the degradation and political profligacy of a Premier seriously detract from the reputation for prudence which Mr. BRIGHT has of late been working to deserve. It is exceedingly likely that the PRIME MINISTER of England contemplates with inward amusement the political creed that he openly professes; but the ordinary intercourse of statesmen would become impossible if they did not give each other credit, in their public speeches, for a decent modicum of sincerity and honour. Mr. DISRAELI is scarcely, like NATHANIEL, an Israelite without guile; but even political hypocrisy may be attacked on platforms in language that is Parliamentary. Mr. BRIGHT's gunpowder tea would lose none of its flavour or strength for the admixture of the ordinary quantity of sugar.

The parallel which Mr. BRIGHT drew between Mr. GLADSTONE and his great antagonist was received by Mr. BRIGHT's audience with the usual applause. It is a singular but certain fact that Mr. GLADSTONE's growing unpopularity in the House of Commons is balanced by his growing popularity in the country. The minor defects of a party leader which may be amply sufficient to break up his Parliamentary following are scarcely perceptible to the naked eye of the distant provinces, and it requires to be an *habitué* of the House to know and feel why Liberals wax so often restive under their leader's rule. The truth is that the House of Commons is resolved to make the worst of Mr. GLADSTONE's peculiarities as a general, and the country outside to make the best of them. It is clear that Mr. GLADSTONE cannot lead the present Parliament, whether the fault be his or theirs; but it seems almost equally clear that no name is as deeply rooted as his in the confidence of the masses of the nation. Mr. BRIGHT's eulogium upon him would have been received with equal warmth in every large town in England; and it was unnecessary, and would have been disloyal, to examine the peculiar reasons why Mr. GLADSTONE so often frets his party in the House. The present House of Commons, which it is the custom to revile, is at any rate not so keenly alive to the merits of great political questions as to tolerate an excess of warmth and eagerness in an enthusiast like Mr. GLADSTONE; but the stumbling-block or rock of offence, whatever it is, is one for which enlarged constituencies at the general election will make but small allowance.

AUSTRIA.

THE history of Austria has been marked by an event which, in its true significance, may be said to be one of the greatest recorded in the annals of the Empire. The EMPEROR has given his sanction to the new laws on marriage and schools. The Concordat is virtually at an end; the reign of the clerical friends of despotism is broken. The EMPEROR has only brought himself to take this final step after long hesitation, and with great reluctance. The Concordat was negotiated when he was at the height of his absolute power, and it marked that alliance of the Church and the reigning

dynasty on which the fabric of his fortunes was thenceforth to be raised. He was brought up to believe that he was fulfilling the highest of earthly duties when he placed his kingdom at the feet of the POPE. But times are altered, and he is no longer an absolute ruler. He has to act as a constitutional monarch must act, and to carry out the wishes of his people. Perhaps it is as well that thus early in the new epoch of his reign he should have had to face that great difficulty before which constitutional monarchs have so often recoiled—the difficulty of deciding that it is morally and religiously right in a Sovereign to separate his public from his private conscience, and to give his assent to legislation which is out of harmony with his own private belief. In the fiery trial of our Constitution in the middle of the seventeenth century, it was often denounced by loyalists as one of the peculiarly detestable doctrines of the popular leaders that the KING had two existences, and that he might be attacked in the one, and served faithfully in the other, and yield in the one to the demands of his subjects, while standing out as proudly as ever in his other capacity. GEORGE III. could never be got to see that a constitutional monarch is not to be held privately responsible for those acts which he is called on to do as head of the State; and the consequence is, that a principle or policy which he anxiously tried to save is now threatened with destruction. It may of course not be true that the EMPEROR of AUSTRIA thinks himself only justified by the general theory of constitutional government in upsetting the Concordat. He may have had no private scruples. But he has delayed so long to sign the new laws that it began to be supposed that he would never sign them at all, and negotiations have been going on with Rome for many months to bring about an arrangement. It would have been so much easier and safer if the Papal Court would itself have consented to set aside or modify the Concordat. But nothing could be done; no arrangement would be accepted; and the EMPEROR was forced to choose between doing what his religious advisers strongly urged him not to do, and breaking with his Reichsrath. It is a great thing that after this long and severe struggle he should have decided that he would, at all hazards and at every cost, be a constitutional Sovereign. The views of the Reichsrath were so decided that he could not fail to give them effect unless he was prepared to let it be understood that the Austrian Constitution was only a farce, and that in all serious matters his will alone must prevail. If the EMPEROR had on this occasion been induced by fear or piety to refuse to sign the laws, it would have been beneath the dignity of honest and independent men to go through any more great efforts at legislation. This it was that has made the crisis so important. There was no possibility of further temporizing. The EMPEROR had to make a choice, and the choice he has made will be attended with the most serious and, we trust, beneficial consequences to his dynasty and his Empire.

The reforms which these new laws institute seem small enough to us who have long been accustomed to religious liberty. They merely amount to this, that in the first place the State will not regard the creed of the contracting parties when it deals with marriage; that, if the Church refuses to solemnize a marriage, the civil authority shall be competent to celebrate it, and that for every legal purpose the marriage shall be valid; and that mixed marriages shall be permitted. In the second place, the State shall not give a monopoly of education to the Church, parents may decide whether they wish their children to receive religious education from the Church or not, and after a given age every one shall be at full liberty to change his or her religion. These are very small things in themselves, for they are the very alphabet of religious liberty. But that in Austria they should have been considered very great things, and that the EMPEROR should have only been brought to permit them because he had assumed a new character, and had bound himself to give effect to the wishes of his subjects when clearly expressed in a proper way, shows what Austria was before these changes were made. It was, in fact, the one great State in the world governed on Church principles, and it is most significant that directly the people of this State have got a chance of expressing and carrying out their wishes, they should pronounce government on Church principles intolerable. In theory it must be allowed that government on Church principles is most reasonable. Religion is not merely a creed, it is the ordering of human life under the influence of a creed. Persons of all shades of politics agree that all the actions of human life may be made religious, and if a creed is worth anything, then the

religious character of all human actions must be determined by the creed. If it is part of a creed—and no one can question that it is part of the Roman Catholic creed—that its dogmas should in every particular and at every moment colour every action of human life, and that there is a body of men divinely appointed who are specially commissioned to say exactly how this is to be done, it is not easy to say why a State composed of men holding this creed should not be governed by priests in all matters which especially decide the complexion of the life of each individual. Notoriously, among these matters, the two foremost are marriage and education. The notion of letting priests control men, as by inalienable right, on all points of fundamental importance is one that has at all times and in all countries been distasteful to many laymen, and even in countries so Catholic as Spain and Austria there has always been a current of resistance to it. In old days there was even a sort of resistance to it in some of the clergy themselves—a resistance that took the shape of upholding national churches. But among the clergy this opposition, grounded on a union with the local feelings of the laity, has gradually been dying away since the date of the Council of Trent, and has died away very fast since the great shock of the French Revolution forced the Church to review its principles and consolidate its strength. The consequence has been the rapid spread of Ultramontanism through the Catholic world; and Ultramontanism, regarded apart from the vices and follies of its supporters, is nothing but the earnest assertion of the alleged truth that there is a creed, the same for all men and in every country, which a body of men, disentangled themselves from local feelings, are commissioned to see properly carried out in every department of human life which is of such a character as to determine the nature of man's existence.

We in England, to whom Ultramontanism is happily nothing but a name, are little apt to trouble ourselves with attempts to estimate its logical force, or to ascertain on what grounds it can be opposed in Catholic countries. But here, again, what is passing in Austria at the present moment may supply us with the answer if we care to have it. Put shortly, this answer resolves itself into the old familiar truth that civil and religious liberty go together. If civil liberty is a good thing, it cannot be had in a State in which any body of men whatever is allowed to dictate without appeal what all their fellow mortals shall do. The mind of man is so constituted that it cannot at once be free and be bound; it cannot drift through life in a state of gentle submission, and yet be capable of energy, courage, practical ability, a love of lofty enterprise, and a sense of resolute justice. But then let us suppose an Austrian to ask himself why should he have civil liberty. If the development of the qualities essential to the maintenance of civil liberty leads him to withdraw himself, as it unquestionably does, from the guidance of his divinely-commissioned guides, why should he cultivate those qualities? How can he, if he is a religious man, justify it to himself to cultivate them? We know that religious men do this, but it is very well worth asking how they do it, although we who do not believe that there are any divinely commissioned guides of human life have no very practical interest in the matter. Dr. MÜHLEFELDT, whose death was recorded at the same time that the account reached us of the signing of the new laws by the EMPEROR, was a very religious man, and yet he was the boldest and most persistent adversary of the Concordat; and it was to him more than to any one else that the passing of the new laws was due. How can such men assure themselves that they are right in fighting against Ultramontanism? Their justification lies in this, that they assume, as all but Ultramontanists assume, that the experience of mankind must be taken as a guide to the intentions of God with regard to man; and the experience of mankind amply shows that the absence of civil liberty produces both great temporal evils and a great deterioration and degradation of human character. How it does this, how it happens that the application of religious principles, under the control of proper persons, does not produce the results which it might be naturally supposed to produce—why it seems to break down unless coupled with something alien to it—is one of the chief puzzles of human life. But there the fact is, and Austria has been awakened to it by a recent experience equally painful and decisive. A petty military tyranny, a corrupt bureaucracy, a waste of enormous natural resources, an exhausted treasury, a beaten army, a frivolous population encouraged in its frivolity, an irritation of race against race and class against class—these were the practical fruits of the Concordat, and of the system of which the Concordat was the ultimate expression. The Austrians resolve on having

civil liberty, and get it; their credit revives, their resources are opened, they are full of hope, they begin to try to do justice, subject races are conciliated, political life calls out their courage and their judgment, they are drawn towards their EMPEROR as towards a man behaving loyally and truly towards them, they face with patience and good sense the difficulties which their strangely assorted Empire produces, and they begin to feel that they can claim their proper place in Europe. The experience of what has been and of what is decides them in their resolutions, and justifies them in their own eyes; and thus they have been emboldened to take the decisive but inevitable step involved in the passing of these new laws, and to proclaim that they will be guided by a freer standard of action than that embodied in the Concordat.

CHURCH AND STATE IN ALGERIA.

THE quarrel between the Governor-General of ALGERIA and the Archbishop of ALGIERS illustrates the extreme difficulty of governing alien races on modern principles. The EMPEROR NAPOLEON, and his civil and military representatives, are not unwilling to deal impartially with all the subjects of the Empire; but it is necessary to consider French opinion in all its forms, and the Church, which still exercises influence over a large part of the population, cannot afford or affect to be impartial. Two or three years ago, during his visit to Africa, the EMPEROR announced that he was Sultan of the Arabs as well as of the French, nor can it be doubted that he would respect their creed in the spirit in which statesmen of the school of WARREN HASTINGS dealt with Hindoos and Mussulmans in India. Seventy years ago General BONAPARTE assured the Mamelukes and Turks of Egypt that his countrymen, having renounced Christianity, had adopted the purer theism of the Koran; and MICHELET, in a work published in the time of LOUIS PHILIPPE, complains that the inhabitants of Algeria have not been conciliated by similar professions; but a French Sovereign or Viceroy in the present day must be, at least nominally, a Christian. The merits of the recent dispute between Marshal MACMAHON and the Archbishop depend upon disputed facts, and the natural presumption in favour of a secular disputant is not in itself conclusive. It seems that the recent famine has rendered numerous orphans dependent on the charity of the Government, and that a question has arisen as to the religion in which some of them are to be trained. If the statements on both sides are correct, the GOVERNOR-GENERAL admits that a Christian education is in itself desirable; and the Archbishop, on the other hand, disregarding the Roman precedent of the boy MORTARA, is willing that parents and guardians should be protected against undue proselytism. The Marshal is not to be blamed for considering disaffection a greater evil than heterodoxy; and it is equally natural that a zealous prelate should, in all doubtful cases, prefer Christianity to loyalty. Some of the children have been entrusted by the Government to the care of the Christian Brothers and of the Sisters of Mercy, and the Archbishop says that he has not allowed baptism to be administered when any objection was raised by friends and relatives. It is evident that enough has been done to irritate the Mahometans, and the justice of their remonstrances has been acknowledged by the Government. Having been prohibited from carrying out his plans of education, the Archbishop has published a protest against the decision of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, and he has since arrived in Paris for the purpose of appealing to the EMPEROR in person. The dispute necessarily connects itself with the standing controversy between Church and State which extends in France over almost every department of domestic and foreign policy. The occupation of Rome, and the question of University education which was lately debated in the Senate, involve in substance the same issues which have now been raised in the most important of the French colonies. It is unfortunate that the Church, possessing the only independent organization in France, has in modern times always been opposed to freedom. The Liberal party, which must often sympathize with the stubborn contumacy of the clergy, finds no ground on which it would be possible to concert a joint resistance against the excessive power of the Crown.

The Archbishop's protest is couched in the unctuous and acrimonious language which distinguishes all Roman Catholic ecclesiastical documents. The pious aspirations of the Church are by implication contrasted with profane designs which Marshal MACMAHON has probably not consciously meditated; nor is the opportunity lost of scolding at Mahometanism

and its results in a tone which must be offensive to any Arabs who are sufficiently civilized to read newspapers. The worthy Archbishop is surprised that the Marshal should impede his efforts when he teaches orphan children to prefer Christian marriage to polygamy, virtue to profligacy, and truth to falsehood. Only a Frenchman, who is also a Bishop, would have thought of boasting how the happy proselytes will learn that France and the EMPEROR are of more account, in the sight of God and man, than Turkey and the SULTAN. That France stands higher in human estimation than Turkey is altogether indisputable, even if the average of opinion were not affected by the unanimous self-esteem of six-and-thirty millions of Frenchmen; but an Archbishop must be deep in the counsels of Heaven when he promulgates, as an article of faith, the proposition that the EMPEROR is of more account in the sight of God than the SULTAN. The Tuileries and a million of miraculous Chassepot rifles may be thought by humbler theologians to weigh but little in the balance of the divine judgment. The Archbishop was perhaps engaged less in attending to the soundness of his own doctrine than in talking at his military adversary; yet it was but a feeble taunt to insinuate that a French officer of the highest rank was disposed unduly to exaggerate the greatness of the SULTAN. If the Mahometan inhabitants of the colony still venerate the temporal and spiritual head of their religion, it is not the business of exalted functionaries to publish to the world the secret of the popular predilection. The Archbishop cannot seriously believe that the superiority of France over Turkey is the most valuable dogma in the sum of Christian instruction. He ought also to know that polygamy is not a Mahometan but an Oriental institution, recognised and tolerated, as in the Mosaic dispensation, by a lawgiver who took society, for many purposes, as he found it. As polygamy is confined to the rich, it is highly improbable that the half-starved children who have supplied a pretext for the collision of Church and State would at any future time be tempted to demoralize themselves by complex domestic establishments. Their fathers before them were probably, with few exceptions, like the Archbishop's primitive predecessors, husbands each of one wife.

The Archbishop is entitled to the benefit of the excuse that, like all controversialists of his order, he means only little of what he says. It is probably his duty to consider the difference between Catholicism and Mahometanism as infinite; but the superiority is of a transcendental nature, requiring the support neither of calumny nor of exaggeration. Arab subjects of France who retain their ancestral creed are not of necessity grossly immoral; or, if they are inveterately wicked, even conversion will not perhaps produce immediate and complete reform. Frenchmen have been known to partake of human imperfection in spite of their orthodox training; and Arabs, however piously educated, might probably exhibit, for two or three generations, the taint of the errors of their fathers. About the same time at which false creeds are extirpated, the clergy will probably learn to speak as simply on religious matters as when they are dealing with more trivial business.

In default of accurate local knowledge it is impossible to know whether the GOVERNOR-GENERAL or the Archbishop is in the right. The political significance of the quarrel consists in the indication that the natives of the French possessions in Africa have not begun to be assimilated to their conquerors. They have no chance of throwing off the yoke; nor could they exchange the existing domination for any preferable Government. The French, although they have not been highly successful in their colonial experiments, are more tolerant than Englishmen or Americans of differences of race and religion. If their African subjects dislike them, no other foreign ruler would be more acceptable; and the worst Governor-General is, as the Archbishop of ALGIERS might say, of much greater value than the best Dey who reigned before the conquest. The tribes of the interior will probably from time to time give occasion, by abortive insurrections, for the more complete establishment of military sovereignty. The only kind of general rebellion to be apprehended would be a religious war. Perhaps, if ABD-EL-KADER were available as a leader, it might once more be possible to rally the Arabs and Berbers under the flag of the Prophet, and it may have been in contemplation of such a contingency that the GOVERNOR-GENERAL preferred a troublesome wrangle with an Archbishop to the creation of a popular grievance. The French army and its leaders are rather orthodox than otherwise, when there is a question of being solemnly blessed by the POPE; but devotion is never suffered to interfere with the interests of the service. The immediate dispute will

probably be settled by some prudent compromise, under the authority of the EMPEROR; but it is not certain that the Archbishop is justified in claiming a triumph over the Marshal. He boasts that his charitable institutions are to be respected, that controversies are to be decided by the tribunals, and that the freedom of charitable foundations is recognised in principle. The GOVERNOR-GENERAL would probably have made equally liberal promises in the first instance; and the EMPEROR will assuredly not allow clerical immunities to interfere with the government of the colony. The doctrines of the Papal Syllabus have not yet been admitted into French legislation; and there can be no difference of opinion as to the hardship of bringing up children, like the Janisary recruits of former times, in a faith opposed to the convictions of their parents. The Algerine foundlings and orphans may perhaps also be subject to the claims of the tribes to which they belong. When the question is not complicated by natural feeling or political expediency, the most reckless French soldier would think it wrong to rear as a Mahometan a child who might have been made a Christian. Any converted or unconverted pupil who hereafter listens to secular or clerical orations will not fail to learn that the French Government and nation are superior, not only to the SULTAN and Turkey, but to all the rest of mankind.

REPORT OF THE NEUTRALITY COMMISSIONERS.

THE Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Neutrality Laws is a very short, sensible, and businesslike document. There is no statement of facts or of arguments. Only the results at which the Commissioners have arrived are given, and these results are of the simplest kind. They consist in the suggestion that a Secretary of State shall be henceforth allowed to do legally what Lord RUSSELL did not do with regard to the *Alabama*, and did do with regard to the rams. They recommend the establishment of a machinery by which a ship, suspected on reasonable grounds, may be detained, and its character ascertained. First of all, the Foreign Enlistment Act is to be amended so as to extend the area of personal criminality. Any one is to be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour who within the limits of the QUEEN'S dominions shall fit out, arm, despatch, or cause to be despatched, any ship with intent or knowledge that the same shall or will be employed in the military or naval service of a belligerent, or shall build or equip any ship with the like intent, or shall commence or attempt to do, or shall aid in doing, any of these acts. These are sweeping words, and would involve all persons having anything to do with fitting out a vessel like the *Alabama* in a liability to be prosecuted criminally, and punished. But experience has shown that it is so difficult, not to say impossible, to procure convictions against wrongdoers under the Foreign Enlistment Act, and British juries are so reluctant to punish their countrymen for annoying foreigners, that the use of these wide words is not to exercise a deterrent force by threatening personal punishment so much as to pave the way for a declaration of what the wrongful acts are which, if perpetrated, will taint the ship, and subject her to condemnation. In the proposed dealings with the ship lies the gist of the recommendations of the Commissioners. It is suggested that, if a Secretary of State shall be satisfied that there is a reasonable and probable cause for believing that a ship which is within the limits of the QUEEN'S dominions has been or is being built, equipped, fitted out, or armed contrary to the enactment, and is about to be taken or despatched beyond these limits, the Secretary of State shall have power to issue a warrant ordering the ship to be arrested, searched, and detained until its true character is ascertained. The owner is to be at liberty to apply to the nearest Court of Admiralty for the release of his ship, and this Court shall determine whether he can show that the ship is not in any way offending against the enactment. If he can show this, the ship is to be released, and he is to be compensated by the Crown for the damage he has sustained. But it is for him to make out his case. This is the essential and operative part of the scheme. It is not the Crown that has to prove guilt; it is he that has to prove innocence. If he cannot make out his case, then the Secretary of State may order the ship to be detained, or, if he thinks proper, to be released on the owner giving security to the satisfaction of the Court that the ship shall not be employed contrary to the enactment. If there is a very clear case against the ship, then proceedings may be taken to condemn her. But these very clear cases seldom arise. What is essential is that the Secretary of State shall be enabled to deal

with doubtful cases; and if the recommendations of the Commissioners are carried out, a power of dealing with them with ample, but not excessive, authority will be given him. He may be altogether mistaken, and may cause a vessel to be detained against which there is no case. Under these circumstances the owner is most properly to receive compensation. But in nineteen cases out of twenty the vessels detained will be detained under circumstances which do not offer any clear case either for release or condemnation. The Secretary of State will be able to take care that a vessel of doubtful character shall do no harm, and will detain it as long as the war lasts, unless he thinks that a pecuniary guarantee will be a sufficient safeguard against its possible wrongdoing. The danger that the Secretary of State should abuse the power proposed to be conferred on him is much lessened by a proviso that any warrants he may issue shall be laid before Parliament; and the Report concludes with a most proper and valuable suggestion that in time of war no vessel employed in the military or naval service of a belligerent, and which shall have been built, equipped, fitted out, armed or despatched, contrary to the enactment, shall be admitted into any port of the QUEEN'S dominions.

As the Report goes at once to the heart of the matter, suggests exactly what is wanted and no more, and gives no arguments, there would really be nothing more to say about it had not Mr. HARCOURT, one of the Commissioners, kindly afforded material for criticism and comment by recording at great length his reasons for dissenting from certain parts of it. It is always of advantage to the public when there is some one on a Commission who can take an independent line, and will not bow to the authority and arguments of his colleagues. Mr. HARCOURT is not overcome by the thought that he has a view as to the prospects and character of British commerce which he cannot persuade Mr. BARING to share, and that his study of the law has not led him to the conclusions reached by Lord CAIRNS, Baron BRAMWELL, and Sir ROUNDELL PALMER. The consequence is that he takes his point and makes the most of it, and brings home to his readers that it is a point very well worth considering. His point is that it is a great mistake, as proposed by the rest of the Commissioners, to make the mere building of the ship under the specified circumstances a misdemeanour, and to authorize the detention or seizure of a ship which has only been built, but not fitted out, armed, or equipped for the service of a belligerent. He argues that, as international law permits this building, we are taking upon ourselves a novel and unnecessary duty which we shall be required to fulfil under circumstances that may be most inconvenient, and that British shipbuilding will be grievously fettered, crippled, and possibly ruined by the constant inspection and interference which an attempt to discharge this duty in an honest and efficient manner must involve. It is very advantageous that, before any attempt is made to legislate in accordance with the Report of the Commission, a point like this should have been leisurely considered by those who are interested in the matter, and the Report gains in value by having tacked to it this dissertation on the expediency of making criminal the mere building with intent that the ship, when built, shall be employed by a belligerent. But we cannot share Mr. HARCOURT's opinions. It does not appear to us that British shipbuilding would in any way suffer by the proposal of the Commissioners, while the power given to the Secretary of State to interfere at the very earliest moment in a transaction designed to ripen into a breach of neutrality is a very proper one. What is it that the Commissioners propose? It is that it shall be illegal to build a ship with the intent that it shall be employed by a belligerent in a war then being waged, in which war we are neutral. So far as the builder goes, why should he not be restrained from the very outset from doing anything whatever to carry out a dangerous and noxious intention? If it can be proved against him that he is building a ship with the design that it shall be used to cruise against the commerce of a friendly nation, why should he not be punished? It is to be observed that while the Commissioners propose that to fit out, arm, or despatch a ship with the knowledge or with the intent that it will or shall be employed in the service of a belligerent, shall be illegal, they confine the illegality of building or equipping to the intent. The builder must be proved, to the satisfaction of an English jury, to have been party to an express design of employing the ship, when built, to cruise against the commerce of a friendly country; and if this is clearly proved against him, it seems that he ought to be as much punished as the man who proposes, after she is built, to carry out their common design by arming her or despatching her.

Mr. HARCOURT seems to suppose that the building of a ship with such an intent is regarded by international law as quite innocent. It so happens that international law means, in this case, one or two decisions of American Courts. Far too much weight may, we think, be attached to the decisions of the Courts of any one country; but it so happens that in the leading case on the subject—that of the *Santissima Trinidad*—the distinction between building a ship of war for sale in the open market and building a ship of war with such an intent as described by the Commissioners is expressly taken. "If any person," said the Court, "does any act, or attempts to do any act, towards preparing a vessel for the service of a belligerent, he is guilty, without reference to the completion of the preparations. The intent is all; the extent and character of the equipments is immaterial." It is difficult to see how British shipbuilding is to be injured, if no interference is to be exercised in the building of a ship until reasonable cause has been shown for thinking that a vessel in course of building is designed for illegal operations. It will, in real life, be extremely difficult ever to show any reasonable cause for thinking this so long as the vessel is still in its incipient stages. The mere fact that a vessel has been commenced in a yard where ships of war are built will be no ground of suspicion. Nor will the alleged political feelings or commercial interests of the builder create a legitimate suspicion. But let us suppose that there is good ground for suspecting the intent, and that, for instance, it comes to the knowledge of the Secretary of State that the builder has entered into a contract with a belligerent Government to build a vessel of war of the exact dimensions of the vessel which the Government finds is being built; there is no injustice to him, nor any discouragement to shipbuilding generally, in calling on him to prove that the intent with which the ship is being built is in reality a perfectly innocent intent. Mr. HARCOURT supposes that if the recommendation of the Commissioners is carried out, the Government will be forever harassing, suspecting, and watching our shipbuilders. This apprehension appears to us perfectly unfounded. The safeguards provided by the Commissioners are ample to guard against it. In the first place, the Secretary of State must lay before Parliament the warrant, if he issues it; and, in the next place, the Government will be called on to pay compensation if there is no case—no such case as a Court of Law would recognise to be a case against the builder. The builder would appear in Court and would swear that he had no such intent, that he had entered into no agreement with a belligerent Government or its agents, that he was building the vessel on mere speculation, or that he had received an order from a person who, as he had exercised due diligence to ascertain, was properly commissioned by a non-belligerent Government, or was totally unconnected with the belligerent Governments and their subjects. If he could not or would not swear this, he has had no business to build the ship; if he could and would swear it, the Secretary of State must have satisfactory, or at least *prima facie*, evidence to repel the force of this oath, or he would have to give compensation. Secretaries of State are not at all likely to run this risk too lightly, and to give their Parliamentary adversaries the pleasure of showing that they had been tyrannical, and had wantonly wasted the public money. It is very improbable that an innocent shipbuilder would be ever prejudiced by the enactment; and if a shipbuilder is not innocent and intends to break the law, the sooner he is stopped in his evil courses the better.

THE TURKISH COUNCIL OF STATE.

TURKISH legislation is improving rapidly, but perhaps not rapidly enough. The new Grand Council would have been an impossible institution fifty years ago, and, even if it proves to be inefficient, the official equality of its Mussulman and Christian members is a great and significant innovation. When the Viceroy of EGYPT lately instituted a little Parliament, for the supposed purpose of facilitating an increase of the taxes, the result of the experiment was not encouraging. The introduction of a representative system in the East, even if it is possible, must be slow and indirect. A consultative Council of nominees may perhaps exercise useful influence, where an elected Assembly would be either a fiction or a centre of rebellion. Every Council, if it is allowed reasonable liberty of discussion, represents with more or less fidelity the diversity of interests and opinions which is otherwise likely to be disregarded by absolute rulers; and forty or fifty Mussulmans, Christians

of various sects, and Jews, will furnish the Minister with valuable information, if he has the good sense to listen to their suggestions and arguments. The detailed organization of sections and committees possesses little practical importance, as the defects of the scheme may easily be repaired from time to time if the new system is found to contain the indispensable element of vitality. A few able men who could establish a personal ascendancy over their colleagues might do much to save the Empire from its impending dangers. The Eastern question would be partially solved if Europe were once thoroughly convinced that the Turkish Government was seriously engaged in the removal of abuses and in the encouragement of civilization. While the political instincts of Englishmen have induced them to give due credit to the Porte for its efforts towards reform, Continental theorists have for the most part satisfied themselves with the cultivation of vague sympathy for the alleged victims of Mahometan persecution. Another generation may perhaps accustom itself to doubt the interested statements of Russian and Greek enemies of Turkey. If it is true that the Christian subjects of the SULTAN are gradually pushing out the formerly dominant race, every improvement in existing institutions will facilitate the process; and a mixed community of dissimilar blood and religion may become gradually amalgamated, as the English after the Conquest imperceptibly absorbed the Norman minority. Rebellion and civil war only perpetuate dissension, and foreign invasion would probably commence a new era of oppression. The Mussulmans of Turkey are certainly not inferior to their Christian neighbours in warlike aptitude; and, if they are to be displaced, they may legitimately yield to intelligence and industry greater than their own. It is in the hope of providing a natural solution of the Eastern problem that English statesmen have habitually discouraged violent interference with the internal development of Turkey. Russia has not less consistently attempted by menace and dictation to prevent the improvements which might raise a barrier in the way of conquest. The same policy of obstructing reform, that an excuse might be provided for aggression, succeeded during the eighteenth century in Poland. If it is found possible to maintain peace in the East for ten or fifteen years, the ambition of Russia may perhaps be effectually checked.

The Council of State and the Grand Council seem to have been invested with the functions which were formerly assigned to similar bodies in the monarchies of the later middle ages. There are still pedants in England who complain that the Constitution has been violated by the desuetude of the activity of the Privy Council, to which the Turkish Council of State seems to correspond. Parliament has long since inherited and increased the powers of the more general Council which advised, and occasionally controlled, the early Kings of England. The modern Assembly has the advantage of studying the most approved modern precedents, but it labours under the grave defect of want of independence in its members. A feudal king was surrounded by natural counsellors who sometimes assumed the character of rivals; and when he preferred the advice of humbler dependents of his own he was always exposed to violent unpopularity. It is the great misfortune of Turkey that there is no hereditary aristocracy to protect the infancy of freedom. Where equality prevails, as in France, under an orderly Government, a prefect or the deputy of a prefect has no resistance to fear; and equality before a law which is imperfectly and irregularly enforced is the condition most favourable to despotism. The enlightened statesmen who are to be found among the Turkish Ministers will probably see the necessity of substituting corporate independence for the personal consequence which will be wanting to the members of the Grand Council; for a Government which is at the same time weak and unfettered has the strongest interest in surrounding itself with stable institutions. The arduous task of inducing the Mahometan population to recognise the equality of Christian fellow-subjects will become less hopeless if a mixed Assembly exercises the power which necessarily commands respect. There may perhaps have been a prudent liberality in the admission of one or two Jews into the Council. While the profligate Government of the Danubian Principalities is engaged, with the countenance of Russia, in an insolent persecution of the Jews, it is not undesirable that the SULTAN should be regarded as the protector of the wealthiest and most intelligent race in South Eastern Europe.

It is stated that the Grand Council has no executive power, but it is apparently intended to share in the legislative functions of the Government, and to exercise some kind of control over the administration. Projects of law are to be discussed

by the entire body, which will have a Minister as its President, and details of business are to be referred to sections of the Council, which will report to the GRAND VIZIER. In substance the Council will exercise power in proportion to the ability of its principal members, and to the confidence which the Ministers may repose in their own nominees. The Committees which are to examine the Budget will perhaps not be able to control the extravagant expenditure of the Court, but their reports may be useful in strengthening the remonstrances of sagacious Ministers. If the Council should at any future time grow into a Parliament, its increase in dignity and authority will probably be a consequence of its financial functions. In former times the House of Commons gradually became supreme because it possessed a control over the Royal revenue, and more recent Continental Assemblies have acquired importance from the fortunate prejudice of capitalists and money-lenders in favour of a Parliamentary guarantee. It is as an indispensable surety for actual or possible loans that a kind of Parliament is still allowed to exist in Spain; nor can the needy Governments of Austria and Italy afford to destroy their credit. The frugal administration which has long enabled Prussia to abstain from contracting loans has been the principal cause of the partial success of the Crown in its long-continued struggles with the House of Deputies. The discovery of the art of borrowing, which dates in Turkey only from a few years back, has not been the most advantageous result of incipient civilization. When it is once understood that financial questions depend even nominally on the decision of a Council, lenders will probably require the security of a vote before they advance money, even at exorbitant interest. It is possible that the Council may merely register the decrees of the Minister; but, if it exercises a discretion of its own, it may perhaps both restore the credit of the Empire, and by degrees introduce into an Oriental State the rudiments of Western freedom.

The summary of Turkish history which appeared in the last number of the *Saturday Review* has probably explained to many readers, for the first time, the historical causes of the innumerable perplexities which beset the Government and the people in the present day. The inextricable mixture of races might alone account for many anomalies, but the conflict of religions is more irritating and dangerous. Many Mahometans in various countries have been statesmen, and some have been philosophers; but in general the votaries of the creed retain traces of its origin in a half-civilized country. The Turkish Mussulmans still cherish the privileges of an aristocracy, while they are regarded in all other parts of Europe as intruders only to be tolerated on condition of renouncing their obsolete pretensions. They are beginning to learn the lesson which has long been pressed upon them by friendly and by hostile instructors. All enlightened Turks deduce the same moral from the threats of Russia and from the counsels of English Ambassadors. The political and social regeneration of the country is the condition of the maintenance of the present Government, although it is difficult to devise any preferable alternative. Christians have for some time been admitted to the local Councils, but in remote districts they are probably too timid to resist their Mahometan colleagues. In the Grand Council, under the eye of the Minister, it will be easier for the representatives of the Christian community to assert their rightful equality; but it is unsatisfactory to find that the most competent observers are not inclined to found sanguine hopes on the latest Turkish institution.

ABSENCE.

THERE are times in all our lives when personal considerations lead us to speculate on the influences and effects of absence—calmly and philosophically if we note these effects upon ourselves, less dispassionately if we see them in others towards ourselves. There is nothing that a youthful and ardent temper resents so much as the notion that friendship depends on intercourse, and must flag when that intercourse is from any cause indefinitely suspended. There is a confident, easy, familiar sort of intimacy which, once established, seems as if it must continue a necessity to both sides. When college friends, *e.g.*, see one another every day, discuss subjects together, draw each other out, comprehend every turn of thought or humour or feeling in each other, swear by each other, and view the outer world from the same stand-point, it is a thing not to be believed or tolerated that separation, which is indefinitely prolonged absence, should knock all this on the head, and that when chance brings the two together again this absence should have made them all but uncongenial, with nothing but commonplaces to exchange from that time forth. Yet something of the sort is most men's experience—so much so that a friendship that stands absences is the exception.

A certain haziness over this subject is necessary to the satis-

factory intercourse of man with man, and luckily no abstract conclusions of observation or reason can dispel it long; the nature which is apt to form intimacies expects endurance in each fresh one, in spite of experience. It is necessary to all real regard or intimacy to believe it capable of a severer trial than—a hundred to one—it can bear. Hope lives upon the exception. Illusion will soon rally from a consideration of the natural effects of absence treated as a general question; yet such consideration may promote candour and indulgence in a matter in which people are apt to be both severe and unjust. All absence is a trial to constancy in some degree, but most people are equal to the test where the tie is stringent, and the separation has a fixed, however distant, limit. Lovers of only ordinary stability can stand absence, because their interests and their ultimate future are the same, and there is the guarantee of publicity; the real difficulty begins with a lasting change of circumstances, and is in proportion to people's freedom of action.

Now of course there are many intimacies that do not pretend to stand absence. Addison expresses in his neat way his opinion of the friendship of companions. "Thus," he says, "is affection and every other motive of life in the generality rooted out by the present busy scene about them. They lament no man whose capacity can be supplied by another; and where men converse without delicacy, the next man you meet with will serve as well as he whom you have lived with half your life." These rude natures, whose whole heart is taken up "with the trivial hope of meeting and being merry," raise no expectation. The class who give rise to moralizing are another sort altogether, and possess qualities which make them the most engaging of friends while the tie of presence lasts. They are fastidious perhaps, and shrink from common companionship, but single one out of a crowd for confidence and regard. It is the most winning circumstance of every intimacy for a man to be necessary to another where so few are necessary, but this in fact implies constant personal intercourse. Very few people find it necessary to their comfort to have a friend subject to the condition of his living two hundred miles off; and when our clinging confiding friend finds himself in this changed relation, a very slight study of character ought to anticipate what will surely follow. We may say that all friendship is the result of congeniality and circumstances. It is unfair to bring a charge of fickleness when the conditions alter, and when the sympathy and cheering influences which used to emanate from eye and tongue have to be painfully and laboriously elicited through the post. What-
ever resolutions and protestations may be made at parting, this is a point on which people cannot be expected to know themselves. All minds that need another mind to lean upon must be repelled, and in the end alienated, by absence. They cannot remain the same. They must change according to the new influence, and put themselves out of gear for ever again fitting into the old groove. But, in fact, who does not change? Only where an active intimacy is a luxury, not a necessity, the effects of separation are less conspicuous, and the renewal of the old relations more possible. On the other hand, there are persons whose tepid regard grows into warmth from the mere effect of absence through an uncongenial period. They have a taste for what they call old friends—a certain antiquarian fidelity which leads them to like people for being old in their recollection. With them acquaintance advances into friendship by a sure course of promotion as intermediate friends drop off. Persons whom they barely tolerated in youth find themselves, through a fortunate removal from all intercourse, received with open arms when chance and change in the course of years bring the two within reach. Ticked by the unforeseen cordiality springing from sudden contact, each side eulogizes old friendships as something immeasurably more genuine and trustworthy than new; which, ten to one, is an act of ingratitude to some intermediate intimacy, pleasant and profitable while it lasted, but which absence and permanent separation has shaded off into oblivion. Experience shows us that almost all old friendships owe a great deal to absence, and exist between persons who are at no time necessary to each other in the more romantic, confidential, and engaging sense of the word. It is true that proverbial friendships seem to say otherwise; but then in all proverbial friendships one or other of the devoted pair has died young.

As for intimacies of the less heroic sort, some considerable periods of absence are absolutely essential to their comfortable maintenance. We none of us know what we owe to it. To live always together is intolerable in some way or another, and recalls the Cheap John's experience of the impossible assemblage of moral perfections necessary to harmonious life in a cart. Our little failings have all a way of obtruding themselves out of all keeping. Whatever else loves the shade, they keep resolutely to the front, and are apt to grow upon the gazer's regard by a sort of fascination if held in his view too long. But these are precisely the points that good-nature turns from in absence, with compunctious shame at having allowed such trifles to try the temper and warp the judgment. We are even ready to grant, with Professor Wilson, that nothing endears one's friends to a good-hearted man so much as their little failings; and to sympathize with his picture of the benignant effects of absence as a reconciler. "Who cares," he asks, "one straw for a person of perfectly irreproachable character in all the littlenesses of life?" And he goes on to reflect, "How pleasant the absence, the departure, of an intimate and wearisome bosom friend! You love him for the relief. You set down every yawn of yours, ere you bid him farewell, as a separate sin to be atoned for by the aggravated cordiality of the return. The quiz in absence is thought of with much of that

tenderness and pity with which we regard the dead. And we vow, if ever we meet again in this wicked world, to laugh at him less immoderately, to do more honour to his modest worth, to look on all his singularities in the light of originalities, and to own that, with all his qualities, he must indeed have been a character." In this sense there are many in whom absence is a strengthener of regard beyond every other influence. They cannot stand the little rubs of intercourse. Life is to them a course of small trials and petty irritations, which they escape from by turning to the absent, the past, the distant, which through mere remoteness lose their own likeness and

Orb into the perfect star.

Women are especially subject to this morbid preference, either through their more sensitive organization, or from being shut out of the stir of business and public affairs, which absorb men whether they will or not. Nor, if a failing, is it one which they are likely to mend; for a particular value is always set on the faculty of ignoring the present, as implying higher powers of mind and a refined unselfishness, though practically this disposition leads to much injustice, and a sacrifice of positive to fancied claims.

For surely the absent must, in all reason, be content with the second place. The mind must be where the work lies. The truth is, we all forget one another in absence for long spaces of time. To retain an image in the mind, to keep up a presence there without aid from sense or habit, in the thick of claims jostling for the first place, is a very serious effort, and one which a very moderate amount of self-examination may convince any one he is rarely equal to. Of course we all remember our absent friends; but should we like them to know how we interpret this phrase? or would our own self-love suffer no shock by an accurate account of the moments of the day or week that our once familiar friend devotes to us? We all let one another go in a surprising manner; that is, the first realization of the fact is startling; but we learn to see that anything else is impossible. Fidelity does not consist, with the majority of men, in keeping the mind occupied with an absent friend, but in housing his image securely in some out-of-the-way receptacle of the memory, to be ready when called for, and in being able to summon back the old feelings when anything happens to illumine the obscurity. To take up a friend in as good preservation as you laid him down—the colours as fresh, the outline as vivid—this is constancy, and it is all that can be expected of the common run of men immersed in varied occupations, who are driven to be practical, and can easier do a friend a service than bear him in mind through the hours of a busy day. Probably all active minds find the present most congenial, but they are commonly loath to admit this of themselves in any sense that shall prove absence a greater trial to them than to others. They feel it to be only decent, whatever their absorption in the work in hand, and their delight in achievement, to disown the natural temptations of excessive activity. But genius—proverbially independent of law, or rather a law to itself—knows how to justify every fact in itself, having once ascertained that it is a fact. Thus Goethe draws from his temper in this respect arguments for the greater intensity and fire of his emotions. Inconsolable, he writes to Lotte on the eve of his voluntary departure, "I leave you happy and shall remain in your heart, and shall see you again, but not to-morrow is never"; and upon this, as will be remembered, he finds consolation in another fair one within two days. And the axiom that absence makes the heart grow fonder, meeting with no echo in his personal experience, is even shown up as a treason to love. "Yes, my treasure," he writes, "I believe you when you say your love increases for me during absence; when away, you love the idea you have formed of me, but when present, that idea is often disturbed by my folly and madness. I love you better when present than absent; hence I conclude my love is truer than yours." The argument is plausible, but goes for too much, as the lady found when, at their next meeting, he introduced to her the future Madame Goethe, who, in being present to the poet, had possessed the one solitary charm which she wanted. Thus does genius show itself allied with the larger and more universal instincts of mankind; for it is very true that, with the majority of men, to be absent is to be dead, buried, and forgotten. They care for those who minister to daily wants, their affections are dependent on sight and habit, and with them, too, not to-day is never.

Everything in absence depends on the sense that the absence is only temporary. So long as this feeling prevails we are constant. It is expected that the next meeting, however far off, will take place and find us the same. Some persons can live in this expectation, and keep themselves ready, unconsciously but yet truly, for the time when it comes. But with the greater number protracted absence is a finality. The vast majority of intimacies have done their work when opportunity is over—a fact which experience alone can teach. Though it is not compatible with warmth of feeling, or even with honesty, to engage in any real intimacy without hoping and in a manner expecting it to last, yet time shows us that the conditions are rare under which this fidelity is practicable. Friendships that fall a great deal short of perpetuity, and that die out for want of the intercourse that started them, may have done both sides infinite service while they lasted. And, this admitted, we see the wisdom, which some are too romantic or too indolent ever to learn, of cultivating new friends as long as we live—an art which, however superciliously regarded by some persons, is essential to a happy and honourable old age.

THE FUTURE GENERAL COUNCIL.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING is reported to have said the other day, in an after-dinner speech at Bradford, that the General Council announced for next year would form an epoch in history in the reaction against the anti-Christian revolution. He said something of the sort some years ago, either in a speech or sermon, about the definition of the Immaculate Conception, by which the Pope hoped to secure divine protection for the temporal possessions of the Holy See. If the anti-Christian revolution means the kingdom of Italy, any positive predictions about its future would at present be premature. But we may pronounce with tolerable safety that its destinies are not likely to be affected one way or the other by the Ecumenical Council of 1869. If again it be true, as is constantly asserted, that the general movement of the age is towards democracy, no action of Ecclesiastical Synods, whether at Rome or Lambeth, will arrest it. Dr. Manning is fond of grandiloquent language, and does not always stop to weigh the precise force of his words. He is particularly fond of indulging in what the Yankees call "tall talk" on political subjects, though he would probably find it a hopeless task to reduce his various political axioms and prophecies into any sort of coherent or intelligible system. He is by turns democratic and absolutist, the advocate of freedom of conscience and of vigorous coercion, according to the supposed interests of the Church; nor does it ever seem for a moment to occur to him that what is sauce for the goose may also be sauce for the gander. One principle, however, he has laid down so often and so persistently that we can hardly be mistaken in our interpretation of his recent prophecy at Bradford. That the cause of order throughout the world is indissolubly bound up with the preservation of the temporal power of the Pope, and that its overthrow would introduce the reign of universal anarchy, is a fixed idea in the Archbishop's mind. The grand epoch to be marked by the promised Council is, primarily at least, the epoch of the restoration and consolidation of the States of the Church in all their original integrity. With those who cherish this anticipation we do not greatly care to argue. A year or two at most will test the validity of their reasoning, and in the meantime it would be hard to deprive them of any consolation they may derive for the loss of birds in their hand by counting birds in the bush. But there is a much more interesting inquiry opened by the prospect of another General Council, which seems likely now to be realized if the life of Pius IX. is prolonged, and even by the words attributed to the Archbishop, if we give them a somewhat wider interpretation. Nor can its interest be restricted to those in communion with Rome. Nearly two-thirds of professing Christians—speaking roughly, some 170,000,000 out of 300,000,000—are Roman Catholics, and whatever materially influences their religious condition must be felt more or less throughout the length and breadth of Christendom. This is even truer now than it was three centuries, or half a century, ago. The rapid communication and multiplied opportunities of intercourse which are doing so much to turn the civilized world into one vast commonwealth have a spiritual as well as a secular and commercial bearing. The bifurcation of Christian Europe into two hostile camps effected at the Reformation, and sharpened by a century of religious wars, is breaking up with the fall of national barriers, and the old religious isolation no longer survives, except in the letter of Papal Encyclicals and the ravings of the Protestant platform. There have even been rumours flying about that the Pope intends to invite the heads of the Greek Church and the different Protestant bodies to attend the Council. Whether any such intention exists, and whether the guests would come if they were invited, may be doubted. Most of them probably would feel that the warnings, both of the past and the present, do not point to Rome as the likeliest place for obtaining an impartial hearing, and that a Council designed to be really representative should meet on neutral ground. Still the meeting, if it takes place at all, and if it is anything more than a farce, can hardly fail in one sense to mark an epoch, not indeed in any political reaction, but in the history of religious thought.

We hear a great deal in the present day of what some people call "crises" and some "crises," and there is a pretty general consent in the most opposite quarters that a crisis of some sort is impending in "the battle of the Churches," such as there has not been since the Reformation. Indeed the Reformation itself, when we look a little beneath the surface, must be regarded as one phase of the wider movement of the Renaissance—or, as Mr. Matthew Arnold prefers to call it, the Renaissance—and there are not wanting signs that its immediate force has spent itself. If we distinguish the twin factors of human life and thought, with the author just named, as the Hellenic and the Hebraist—meaning by the Hellenic the speculative, and by the Hebraist the practical, instinct—it is obvious at once that the force of the Renaissance was intellectual, and especially classical. It was not a call to moral regeneration, but a demand for fresh "sweetness and light." It attained its fullest development at the Courts of Lorenzo di Medici and Leo X., and we hardly need the fiery invective of Savonarola or Luther to tell us that the revival of Hellenic culture was closely associated with a revival of Hellenic depravities. But the Renaissance, like the Hebrew mother of old, had twins of discordant nature struggling in its womb. The new outbreak of intellectual life shook men's belief in Church authority, and their rejection of it produced the Reformation. But the Reformation itself was not an intellectual movement. To

fall back on Mr. Arnold's nomenclature, it was Hebraist, not Hellenic. It was an angry protest against corruptions real or supposed, and therefore against the authority which had sanctioned them. It was not at all what many of its modern disciples would fain represent it, an appeal from authority to reason; though it naturally enough employed the weapons of argument and satire against the Catholicism of the day, as the early Christian apologists had employed them against Paganism. The infallibility of the Bible, crystallized towards the end of the seventeenth century into the formula of verbal inspiration, was the Reformers' substitute for the infallibility of the Church. And it was a rule which they allowed no tampering with. It was convenient to sneer at monkish miracles, but the profane sceptic who had his difficulties about Balaam's ass would have found little mercy. For the time the new principle answered its purpose. It did not occur to Luther or Calvin that any honest man could doubt that the Bible meant what they thought it meant, and for those who did presume to question it the good old argument of fire and faggot, as Servetus learnt to his cost, was the proper method of conviction. Still less, of course, did the Reformers dream of any one daring to raise the previous question as to whether the Bible was inspired or not, or what are the limits of inspiration, or what books have a right to their place in the Canon, though they had themselves summarily ejected a good many books held to be canonical by the Church of Rome, and Luther was hardly respectful to another which his followers have retained. With the help of "the Bible and the Bible only" they tidied over the immediate crisis. But they had laid down principles, and evoked questionings and habits of thought in their assault on the old belief, which their new rule of faith would sooner or later be found inadequate to satisfy. The principle of private judgment which the orthodox Protestantism of the sixteenth century called to its aid has turned round on the Protestantism of the nineteenth, and bids it examine the Bible, "like any other book." The principle of plenary inspiration, says a modern Broad Church writer, "has broken like packthread before the rising gales of scientific discovery and historical research." And a High Church essayist replies with evident satisfaction, "Latitudinarianism and Catholicism have each an intelligible standing-ground in the world of thought, but Protestantism has absolutely none." Here then is one critical element in the present religious situation. Protestantism undertook to demolish the old Catholic basis of belief, and Rationalism—or whatever else we choose to call it—undertakes to demolish the Protestant basis. But, after all, the world won't stand on the tortoise. If we are to have a belief, we must have some foundation or other for it. And every one admits in words that the basis must be a rational one. Here is a sufficiently fundamental inquiry for an Ecumenical Council in the nineteenth century. We need not pursue it into detail here, but it is obvious that those who aspire to influence the course of religious thought cannot afford to ignore it.

So far we have dwelt on matters in common debate in the religious world at present, for it cannot be maintained with truth that the controversy is confined to Protestants. There was abundant evidence, to go no further, in the pages of the *Home and Foreign Review*, that many of the questions of Biblical criticism most hotly discussed of late are also open questions in the Roman Catholic Church. But it is notorious besides that there are controversies stirring among Roman Catholics themselves which it would be hardly possible for a General Council to pass over in silence. Or, rather, to pass them over in silence would be practically to relegate them to the domain of "opinions" which the Church leaves her members at liberty to hold or not as they please. Such, for instance, is the question of Papal infallibility, on which a pamphlet war has been raging for a twelvemonth past between Dr. Ward and a priest of Dr. Newman's Oratory at Birmingham—the priest maintaining the liberal, and his opponent the Ultramontane, side. We may be pretty certain what decision Archbishop Manning would promulgate on that subject. Yet a dogmatic assertion of Papal infallibility would be more likely to shake the confidence of educated Roman Catholics in the authority of the Council than to increase their confidence in the authority of the Pope, considering the very grave historical objections to such a view which many of their own writers have pointed out. Then, again, if the Council is to deal with practical questions, one of the first to stare it in the face is the education difficulty we have heard so much about of late in England. Mr. Arnold's book on Continental Schools and Universities shows how upper-class education in Italy is slipping out of the hands of the clergy, and it can hardly be supposed that they will acquiesce in the change without a struggle. Yet no attempt to retain a hold on it could have any prospect of success that did not involve a searching reform of the present methods of clerical education. And that, again, might open up other questions, such as the rule of clerical celibacy, so fiercely and constantly debated at every Council, general or provincial, between the time of Gregory VII. and the Reformation, and quietly acquiesced in for the last three centuries, rather from fear of provoking investigation than because there were fewer abuses to investigate. If the Pope were to carry out his alleged design of inviting the Greek Bishops to the Council, they would probably have something to say about a rule which "the unchanging East" has never consented to adopt. They would, of course, have a great deal to say about another fruitful topic of controversy, which we can only glance at here, and which has lately been revived by an

accomplished Roman Catholic writer in this country, who seems to incline very much to the Greek view of the matter. We mean the old *Filioque* dispute, which originally sundered East and West.

It would not be difficult to enlarge this list of *agenda* for the future Council, but perhaps the bill of fare we have ventured to suggest may be thought more than sufficient. Certainly, any one of the items set down might easily raise a discussion that would set the whole Roman Catholic, not to say the whole religious, world by the ears. One cannot help feeling, however, that there is one preliminary question which diminishes, though it does not destroy, the interest of such speculations. Will the Council meet at all? If there are not exactly the three chances against it which the physician who promised to make his master's ass speak in ten years' time reckoned upon for saving his head, there are certainly two chances against it. In the first place, the Pope may die, and nobody can even surmise who may be his successor, still less what views a new Pope may hold about the expediency of invoking the one authority which, according to a large school of Catholic divines, is superior to his own. According to St. Malachi's famous prophecy, he is to be *Lamen de Celo*, but whether the light is to emanate from himself or from his Council does not appear. The present Pope has already reigned twenty-two years, and twenty-five is the extreme limit allowed by the traditions of the Vatican. Then, again, the Emperor may die. And if the French troops were withdrawn from Rome it is very questionable whether any Council could meet there. Perhaps we may add a third alternative—that the Pope or his advisers may change their minds between now and the end of next year. Still, on the whole, it seems as likely as not that the Council will meet, and if it does, those who are least disposed to accord any profound reverence to its decisions can hardly watch the result without considerable curiosity.

MR. BRIGHT FURIBUND.

MR. BRIGHT was not at the Derby. He took occasion in a very delicate and refined way to certify to the House that he was not at Epsom, by observing on a recent occasion that somebody who had, according to Mr. Bright's view of things, come to condign grief, reminded him of "some of the horses we read about yesterday." We insist rather on the fact of Mr. Bright's absence from Epsom because, from his tone and temper in the House on the night of the Oaks day, one might have thought that he had made a very bad book on Lady Elizabeth. Nothing of less or greater importance than losing on the Derby could justify, or even account for, such an outbreak as he indulged in last week. Not that Mr. Bright had it all to himself, for, speaking generally of Parliament, on that particular night it forcibly recalled the meeting of the Ephesians spoken of in the Acts, and, to do him justice, Mr. Disraeli performed the part of the sensible Asiatic town-clerk with great skill and discretion. Indeed, as far as tact and temper have gone during the present Session, the Premier—always excepting the famous speech about the conspiracy hatched by Ritualists and Romanists against the Irish Church—has certainly set an example of self-restraint and moderation much to be commended. Mr. Gladstone has mostly been Mr. Gladstone. He began well; he always begins well. And there was every reason that he should behave civilly. He had a magnificent position. He had been solemnly invested with Elijah's mantle by the designation and blessing of the veteran prophet of Whiggery. Mr. Gladstone, by the happiest fortune or inspiration, invented or adopted a policy which made the Liberal party, and himself as its leader, more powerful than either it or any other host of politicians has been since the Liverpool and Castlereagh days. Whether it is by some subtle law of being that this spoiled child of fortune must throw away his chances, or whether it is that he feels how hollow and unsubstantial is the pageant of the majority which he commands, it is a mere matter of fact that Mr. Gladstone's temper and manner get worse and worse. It is needless to specify instances of this infirmity. But for the country it is a serious matter. Mr. Gladstone is neither loved nor looked up to by his party. He uses them, and they use him; but there is no loyalty in the matter. The debate on the representation of Glasgow, however, while it incidentally illustrates Mr. Gladstone's position, brought out very strongly indeed Mr. Bright.

First, however, we must inquire, in all amazement, how it comes to pass that Parliament does behave so exceedingly ill, and apparently by some pact or consent? If it is not the Derby, is it the weather, which is hardly a sufficient reason? or is it that worst and, we fear, most probable cause, that so many members feel that they are in a false position, and resent it accordingly? We are not speaking of the licensed or licentious jesters, or of the regular bores, or of that sort of intellect and decency displayed last week by the honourable member who—defending his friend Mr. Murphy for calling the Roman Catholic clergy "cannibals, murderers, and liars"—argued, at least as seriously as Mr. Whalley can argue, that the gentlemen pelted with this pleasant compellation rather liked the epithets than otherwise. But how is it that decent people can break out as Mr. Bright broke out on Friday week? We all knew that it was in Mr. Bright. We knew him to be a master of vituperation, and, to a congenial audience, not slow to make use of his gifts. That he has treated the House of Commons to his old Birmingham manner only shows, which is

the worst aspect of the matter, that the House has deteriorated, and that Mr. Bright knows it, and treats it accordingly. To speak familiarly, he behaved at least on that occasion as though he felt it no longer necessary to wear his holiday manners. At last he found it too much trouble to pay the tribute to public decorum of dissimulating the ferocity which we were beginning to try to think that he had lived himself out of. It is said that, when a creature tamed and reclaimed by man escapes to his native woods, he is more ungovernable and wild than in a state of nature. And there is reason in this. You may keep nature down with a fork, as the poet says, but not only will nature reassert herself, but with accumulated force and vehemence will make up for the long arrest of her real character and temper. We trust that such will not be the case with Mr. Bright. For he has a considerable arrear of good conduct, mildness, urbanity, and courtesy to live down. During the discussion on the Irish Church he spoke with a fairness and moderation which seems to have made even Tories for the moment prefer not only the temper, but the measures and policy, of Mr. Bright to the defiant, angry, and ill-at-ease bearing of Mr. Gladstone. No doubt there are reasons enough for the contrast which the Irish Church question has been the means of presenting between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. There is in the one case a perfect harmony and consistency; in the other, there is, if not the contradiction of a whole life, at least the disappointment and annoyance felt by many, perhaps most, of Mr. Gladstone's friends. Mr. Gladstone is quite as earnest and sincere on that question as Mr. Bright. But while for Mr. Gladstone there may be urged the apology of a mind ill at ease with itself, in Mr. Bright's case the triumph of a life might ensure the outward sign of good humour which ought to be inseparable from a contented spirit. There certainly has been nothing to disturb Mr. Bright's serenity during the present Session. Parliament has employed itself on the discussion and arrangement of Scotch Reform by undoing the English Reform Act, and always in Mr. Bright's direction. But on the detail of settling the representation of Glasgow, Mr. Bright became absolutely frantic. He denounced the principle of his ally, Mr. Mill, for the representation of minorities, with perfect frenzy. He abandoned the pleasant, if somewhat patronizing, airs of cajolery with which he has lately amused himself, and not content with a positive misstatement in Parliamentary history as to the order and succession in which the Lords' Amendments on the Reform Bill were discussed last Session, he repeated Lord Shaftesbury's graceful manner of menace. Threatening the House of Commons with the dreadful picture of the four largest constituencies in the kingdom declining to elect representatives, and absolutely refusing the supply of Parliament men, he told the House that they had better take his advice on the minority question, or—and a significant aposiopesis veiled the threat of further consequences. "Injustice" and "gross folly" were the terms in which an arrangement sanctioned by a majority of the Liberal party, and now the law of the land, was denounced.

To do the Ministerialists only justice, this strange spectacle of the utter anarchy of the Liberal majority provoked only a mild taunt from good-natured Mr. Liddell, referring to Mr. Bright's "preference for American principles." One would have thought that a safer and less offensive description of Mr. Bright's politics could hardly have been hazarded. If Mr. Bright does not admire, and has not often eulogized, American politics, and the general tone and manner of things in that great country of the United States, we have much misunderstood Mr. Bright. His contradiction had the explicitness, and at the same time the absolute nonsense, of mere rage. Not only was the retort, "There is not a syllable of truth in what the hon. member says," unparliamentary and, we regret to say, vulgar, but it was perfectly unintelligible. To be sure, Mr. Bright might mean that he was not an advocate of American principles because he had no liking for such a detail of the Constitution as the Vice-President's accession to office on the death of the President, or that he had no favour for the doctrine of spiritual wives, or that he eschewed gin-sling and expectoration; for all these are American institutions, and therefore "American principles." But when Mr. Bright says that there is not a syllable of truth in his supposed preference for American principles, which everybody would understand as the general current American method of politics, and goes on to add with an iteration of emphasis that he was neither an advocate of them nor an adherent of them, the only sense in which his language can be construed is that he is an enemy of American principles. This is to us utterly surprising. It takes away one's breath, just as it would astonish us to hear Mr. Newdegate protest against his supposed preference for Protestant principles, or Sir George Bowyer indignantly contradict any adherence to, or advocacy of, Papal principles. But in point of fact it was not Mr. Liddell's gentle pleasantry which exasperated Mr. Bright. It was rather the spectacle of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Mill, Sir George Grey and Mr. Horsman and Mr. Cardwell, declining to follow his lead, or rather dictation. The very first revolt against his dictatorship overset the serene but reluctant equanimity which he had throughout the Session affected. In one particular Mr. Liddell was wrong. Whatever American principles or American manners may be, we should be doing them a serious wrong were we to identify them with Mr. Bright's recent Parliamentary explosion of petulance and ill-temper.

THE EYRE CASE IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

THAT the issue of Mr. Eyre's prosecution should satisfy every one was not to be expected. There have been so much heat and passion in getting it up that no result but a conviction would have satisfied its authors. And it is to this very heat and passion that we may perhaps attribute the mode in which the trial of Mr. Eyre has been evaded. Had the prosecution been devised and carried out in a more temperate spirit, and really with a desire to ascertain the constitutional bearings of the case, it is very possible that the case would have been allowed to go on. We say it is possible; we do not say it is almost certain. For, although there would then have been nothing of that indignation which the persistent hostility of the prosecutors naturally provoked in the minds of the Grand Jury, still it is likely that they would have been satisfied with the exposition of the law, as laid down by Mr. Justice Blackburn, with the sanction of the Judges, and would have considered that the examination of witnesses in open Court could give to the case no other aspect than that in which they already viewed it. As it is, they have acted upon the charge of one of the most learned of the Queen's Judges, and the opinion of all his brethren; they have refused only to submit to oral investigation the question of personal malice, which alone could have made Mr. Eyre responsible in a criminal Court for the atrocities committed in the name of martial law. And though many persons may demur to this refusal, we believe that, after the charge of the Judge, and an inspection of the affidavits, the Grand Jury could hardly have pursued a different course.

Indeed, the material questions at issue were themselves of too grave a nature to be complicated by the unnecessary infusion of personal elements. The main questions were—Is there such a thing as martial law in England, and under the English Crown? If so, can it be enforced in colonies, and how? Of course, if there is a *prima facie* illegality in imposing martial law at all, the illegality is seriously aggravated by the taint of personal malignity. If there were any reason to suppose that Mr. Eyre proclaimed martial law without any just necessity for it, and with the single view of enabling himself to inflict death on Gordon and others, as his own personal enemies, then he would most righteously have been convicted, not of a misdemeanour, but of a most atrocious series of murders. But this view of the case was repudiated equally by the Judge and the Grand Jury. With the exception of one or two hot-brained spouters, no one had seriously made this charge against Mr. Eyre; it was not sanctioned by the Report of the Royal Commissioners, nor sustained by the general tenor of the evidence or the affidavits. It was rightly rejected; and its rejection cleared the way for the consideration of the purely constitutional question.

Mr. Justice Blackburn rightly prefaced his charge by pointing out that the Act under which the trial was held had a twofold purpose. It was framed for the purpose of bringing to the bar of the Queen's Bench "any Governor of a colony who should be guilty of a crime in the execution or under the colour of his office." Now a crime committed by such an officer may be of two kinds. In may consist in remissness or in excess of duty. When the Mayor of Bristol, either through fear of the mob or a humane reluctance to shed blood, left that city for days together at the mercy of drunken and infuriated rioters, who burned, plundered, and assaulted at their will, he committed a grave misdemeanour. He neglected the duties of his office. He abandoned the post which he had been appointed to hold. He left the people whom he was bound to protect, helpless and defenceless. He was morally responsible for the arson, the rapine, the tumult, and the terror which harassed the unhappy city until more robust councils prevailed. Had a Governor acted in a colony as that Mayor acted in Bristol, he would have been liable to be tried under the same Act as that under which Mr. Eyre was committed for trial. It would have been for the Grand Jury, in such a case, to decide whether there was *prima facie* evidence of a criminal weakness, of unworthy fear, or of treacherable collusion with the rioters, or whether the straits of his position were so desperate as to leave him no means or opportunity of action. Mr. Eyre was committed for a delinquency just the reverse of this; not for having done nothing, but for having done too much. His accusers maintained that he was guilty of a crime in the nature of the measures which he adopted, and again guilty in the severity with which he carried those measures into force. He proclaimed martial law; that, they say, was illegal. He carried it out with undue severity; that, they say, was wicked. Both these points were amply elucidated by the Judge. The prosecutors were unfortunate in their premises. They contended that there was no such thing as martial law in England, and that there could be no such thing in Jamaica. They were wrong as to both. There has never been an authoritative condemnation of martial law as the last prerogative of the Crown in civil war, for the reason that ultimate remedies in extreme cases depend upon principles sanctioned, not by express legislation, but by the concurrent opinion of mankind. The Crown cannot make war on any of its subjects in time of peace; it cannot substitute military procedure for civil procedure at its option. But it can do this in times of armed insurrection, for armed insurrection against the Crown is war, and war against the Crown is war against society—in fact, anarchy. Now, as it would be futile to issue warrants and subpoenas backed by the names of the King's Justices against rebels who had usurped authority and deposed the civil power in a third or half of the kingdom, the Sovereign, who is charged with the defence of the State, is necessarily empowered to use other than

civil process against captured insurgents. His generals become his judges. They execute martial or military law. By whatever name this power is styled, whether prerogative or anything else, it is a power absolutely and essentially inherent in the chief of every State; and, as Mr. Justice Blackburn laid down, never formally taken from the King of England. In Jamaica this power devolves upon the Governor, not by implication, as being the representative of the Sovereign, but by positive statute, passed by the Legislature of Jamaica, and sanctioned by the Queen in Council. This Jamaica Act is not, as we have seen contended, an old and obsolete Act, made for a state of things entirely different from the present—a state in which the bulk of the population were soldiers or slaves. On the contrary, it was passed just twenty-three years ago, and prescribes the formalities and precautions necessary for the proclamation of martial law. It is strange that the authors of the prosecution should have ventured to impugn the validity of a statute which involves two most important elements—the consent of the people amongst whom it was passed, and the approval of the Sovereign in England. But the wording of this statute goes even further than might be anticipated from the vastness of the powers conceded. It defines a maximum of thirty days, with the option of continued extension so long as the constitutional Council of the Governor advise its renewal. So far for the constitutional part of the question. Then comes what may be called its personal part. Did circumstances warrant the proclamation of martial law? Was the condition of the island such as to justify a Governor, who exercised ordinary judgment and caution, in resorting to such extreme measures? Was martial law in this case an inevitable necessity? And, if it was so, were the severities practised during its enforcement also necessary? If they were not, is Mr. Eyre responsible for them?

Such are the questions which bear more immediately on the guilt or innocence of Mr. Eyre. The first of these questions could hardly be re-opened at this day in the Queen's Bench. It had already been answered by the Royal Commissioners. Their Report was decisive on that score. And the Grand Jury did not reverse that decision. But then there were three other points. One was the seizure of Gordon beyond the limits of martial law, and his deportation to the district in which martial law had been proclaimed; another was the flogging of Philips and Morris; another was the shooting and execution of men by officers and privates of the regiments sent to put down the riots. These points were left to the consideration of the Grand Jury. They were directed to place themselves in Mr. Eyre's position, and to ask themselves what they would have done if, after proclaiming martial law to suppress a formidable "rising against constituted authority" in one district, they had found the man whom they believed to be the original mover and author of this rising in another district. Was the removal of such a man to the area of martial law tainted with criminal illegality? The Grand Jury evidently thought that it was not. And it is perhaps an open question whether it was even technically illegal. Certainly it was not worse than that. Then as to the floggings and shootings in which Provost-Marshal Ramsay and the young subalterns distinguished themselves, the Judge asked them what proof they had, or what proof could be had, that Mr. Eyre was aware of these atrocities. Of many of them he could not be aware till long after their occurrence. This is true; and he is fairly entitled to consideration upon the score of ignorance. But there is still a weak point in his defence which the Grand Jury treated leniently. Many of these atrocities, which were perpetrated by others without the privity of the Governor, would not have been perpetrated at all if the duration of martial law had been curtailed. We have always thought this the one obvious blot on a policy otherwise both vigorous and seasonable. But then we are thousands of miles away from the scene of the disturbance, calmly theorizing after the event, unencumbered and undepressed by the harassing cares, the manifold rumours, and the overwhelming panic by which Mr. Eyre was beset. What man will venture to say what he himself would have done if a population of 14,000 persons had dinned his ears with the frantic cry that another population of 400,000, who had already begun a work of murder and mutilation, were bent on carrying the bloody flag of insurrection throughout the island? Who that knows from history the infuriate struggles of contending colours and races will venture to state the point at which he would have muzzled the dogs of war, and trusted to the strength of ordinary social forces? This reflection stays our criticism, as it stayed the judgment of the jurors. A serious work was to be done; a frightful insurrection was to be put down; a great colony was to be preserved. This could not be done by sprinkling rose-water. And if there was superfluous bloodshed, this is the ordinary fate of those who first draw the sword wantonly. Nor could the Judge or the Grand Jurymen forget that, from the moment martial law was proclaimed, the Major-General on the staff seems to have abdicated all responsibility, and left his subordinate officers to carry it out in their own way, unadvised, uncontrolled, and without the power to control their own soldiers.

Thus the prosecution has failed again. It is not to be regretted that it has failed. Its success would have revolted the feelings of generous and thoughtful men. It would have had a very bad effect, morally and politically, if the supreme Court of criminal judicature in England had inflicted punishment on a man whose crime was that of having met an insolent defiance of the Queen's authority, and a challenge to the most terrible of conflicts, by too

effectual resistance. As it is, punishment more than enough has been wreaked upon him. The worry and harass of repeated prosecutions; the drain of expensive litigation on a man who has no private means, and whose zeal has deprived him of his official means of subsistence; worse than all, the indifference or ingratitude of a department which he has served only too faithfully—surely, neither fine nor imprisonment can go beyond these inflictions. Probably Mr. Eyre would willingly compound by two years' imprisonment for the removal of all future anxiety. If, however, he is not too generous to harbour resentment for the treatment which he has experienced, he may console himself by the reflection that the martyrdom which he has endured has already gone a good way to sap the foundations of authority, and to disinculcate all but the bravest and most unselfish men from risking their fortunes and peace of mind in the discharge even of those duties the neglect of which, as the unanimous opinion of the Judges, expressed by Mr. Justice Blackburn, declares, must entail, not only moral censure, but also legal responsibility.

MR. DISRAELI AT HOME.

THERE is a very general, and in some respects a very innocent, desire to see something of our great men in quieter scenes than those in which they are generally to be found. The interest which the British public has taken in the Queen's domestic journals is an obvious instance of this. Other examples of the same instinct may be discovered by any one who will study the correspondence of a country newspaper. The readers of those lively periodicals affect to like a little talk about great party struggles and public ceremonies, but that in which they take a really vivid and keen interest is any little detail about the personal appearance of the leaders with whose names they are familiar. They like to hear what attitude Mr. Gladstone adopts in the House of Commons, or what pattern of waistcoat is preferred by Mr. Disraeli. The Correspondent is particularly happy when he can put on the character of a frequenter of those mysterious temples of confidential gossip, "the Clubs," where Ministers are supposed to be always taking newspaper-writers by the button and whispering State secrets into their ears. It seems, to the confiding student of the paper, as if for the moment he were admitted behind the screen of darkness in which great officials delight to shroud themselves, and could see the real flesh and blood man, stripped of his pompous paraphernalia. Perhaps it is owing to some such sentiment, which, if occasionally indiscreet, at least implies involuntary homage, that we owe the pleasure to which most of us must confess in reading the extra-official talk of Ministers. The curiosity cannot be altogether condemned. A man sitting on the Treasury bench is doubtless something more than a mere man; he is the machine upon which all kinds of hidden official influences concentrate their forces—the mouthpiece through which utterances not his own are communicated to the public. But he is, or ought to be, also a man, and his private personal character is a matter, it may be, of some importance to the world at large. Of course it is very likely that, when taken off his bench, he will turn out to be nothing but a peg to hang clothes upon, with a certain moderate allowance of principles and perhaps domestic affections, but as innocent of political ideas as Mr. Dick-a-Dick of the Aboriginal Eleven. No one, however, could suspect Mr. Disraeli of intellectual vacancy; whatever organs may be missing in his constitution, he has at least brains of remarkable activity; and as their influence may be felt in the country for years to come, we should be glad of any opportunity of studying their working as seen outside the distorting influence of the Parliamentary atmosphere. Few people can be watched very closely in the heat of a political struggle. A man's reserve must be proportioned to the conspicuous nature of his place; he is not merely to be pardoned for wearing a mask of more or less opacity, but he is almost bound to wear it, and Mr. Disraeli is not likely to fail in this department of duty. Suppose, however, that we can take him away from the arena in which he is compelled to be always on guard, and place him in some quiet country district where railways are still objects of curiosity, and where the genuine British rustic still flourishes in unmatchable stolidity, shall we not have a chance of catching him unawares, of seeing him forget his skill of fence, and having at least a glimpse of the genuine human being? Mr. Disraeli has more than once consented to confide to us hints about the breed of sheep, and to compliment the labourers on receiving five shillings as a reward for twenty years of honesty. Somehow we fancied that he was over-acting his part, and did not care quite so much about pigs or clod-hoppers as he would have us believe. Even when he proclaimed himself "on the side of the angels," his orthodoxy was plainer than his perfect sincerity. Few men can talk quite honestly in the presence of bishops.

Last Monday, however, Mr. Disraeli had a new scene provided for him. In the most secluded part of Buckinghamshire he might be as free as he ever can expect to be from the gaze of the external world. The occasion was a touching one. The good people of Buckinghamshire appear to have been bitten with the universal mania for Exhibitions. They have collected from a small district specimens of the limited number of arts which flourish in agricultural villages. There were specimens of straw-plaiting, of lace-making, and of model cottages for the poor. Nothing could be better, and though Exhibitions on a large scale have become a bore and a weariness of the flesh to all

persons in search of amusement, every one must wish well to the humbler efforts of a small country district. The most significant objects, however, seem to have been some of those strange productions of unconstructed ingenuity which speak volumes for the intellectual stagnation of their birthplace. To what depths of unspeakable dullness a man must have been reduced before he could spend twenty years in making a design for a mansion "exclusively from fragments of chain-legs!" and what a terrible display of misplaced energy is to be found in the model of a church "made entirely from wine-corks, containing 5,000 pieces of cork and 16,000 pins!" If there were no mute inglorious Miltons and village Hampdens in Buckinghamshire, there are probably neglected architects spending years of labour in pinning together bits of cork. The social state which produced Maggie Tulliver's aunts is evidently lingering still in our remoter districts. And perhaps Mr. Disraeli might have found a text for his eloquence in these objects. We do not mean to insist upon the obvious allegory provided to his hand in the model of a church; he could not well insist upon the plain moral that there may perhaps be in the world some other ecclesiastical institutions pinned together with an equal amount of misdirected labour, and as likely to come to pieces if incautiously handled. If there be such a case, Mr. Disraeli is not going to pull out the pins, and could not be expected to dilate upon the evils of such flimsy bits of workmanship. Rather it was his place to insist upon the many unparalleled excellences of the county of Buckingham. He pointed out, and apparently in a very suitable address, the proper topics of congratulation. He explained—doubtless with perfect truth—that the good people of Buckinghamshire make lace equal to that of Valenciennes, and furniture which is known even in the colonies, and silks which are exported to Paris and come back to England as a fine specimen of Continental manufacture, and cottages which "unite comfort and convenience with economy." He wound up with the admirable reflections that such meetings were better than gatherings for cock-fighting, or bullbaiting, or drunkenness pure and simple, and with a very proper compliment to the lady who had got up the Exhibition. Nothing could be more to the purpose, and we hope the audience were thoroughly satisfied with a Prime Minister's eloquence. To wish for anything more would perhaps be unreasonable; for, after all, the task was a difficult one. Few people can make a good speech after dinner, even with all the advantage of being reasonably excited by champagne; and to make a speech of the after-dinner order in the morning, and in the open air, is a trial for the most accomplished orator. Still we did hope that in the congenial country air some more personal topics might have been introduced, that there might have been a little more local colour, some touch of the fine old English gentleman addressing a loyal tenantry. We have, it is true, a few facts about Buckinghamshire, but the style is as grave as that of the Emperor of the French opening the Paris Exhibition. We miss even the vivacity which sometimes leads Mr. Disraeli rather to overdo his duty, and act the country squire, not only to the life, but, if possible, something more. The speech is as the speech of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, though dealing with the resources of a very limited region.

The fact is that the whole affair is significant in another way. Country bumpkins are beginning to hold Exhibitions after the fashion of their more lively neighbours. They will soon, we may hope, put away such childish things as churches made of five thousand pieces of cork, and will emulate the more ambitious art of the great towns. It is a great improvement that they should be encouraged to put their ingenuity to some good purpose, and that they should in any way be aroused from their rural torpor. But there are penalties to be paid on all good things, and, amongst others, a Minister can find nowhere to escape from the reporters, and therefore can never be natural. He can no more talk bucolically in the presence of rustics than he can walk to Westminster in a smockrock and gaiters. He is haunted by himself wherever he goes. If he ventures to suit his talk to his audience, we accuse him of affectation; and the audience may perhaps think he is insulting them. They don't want to hear a Prime Minister talking like a farmer; for they have read enough to know that he ought to talk like a philosophical article in the *Daily Telegraph*. They would be disappointed by his condescending to the vernacular, as the true old rustic would have been in seeing a king without a crown and sceptre. It is safest to indulge in a quiet stream of platitudes which would do equally well for Buckinghamshire or Middlesex. Nothing, in short, requires so much tact as to speak quite naturally. Lord Palmerston was as much at ease in chaffing a butcher at Tiverton as in making a speech in the House of Commons; but very few people have the real or apparent freedom from self-consciousness which enables a man to get safely off his accustomed stilts. It is possible that if we scratched Mr. Disraeli, like the proverbial Russian, there would appear beneath the superficial Ministerial coating a genuine Buckinghamshire yeoman of the good old class. But the coating has become so natural by custom, and the chances of the inward man showing himself are so much diminished by the prevalence of reporters, that probably we shall never know the truth. Our curiosity has defeated itself. We crowd so fast to see the great man unbent that he never gets a moment to himself. The god can never descend from his cloud without being stared at like a beast from the Zoological Gardens, so that at last he becomes content never to reveal himself at all. We are never to see the genuine

Disraeli in his lifetime, and must content ourselves with the reflection that Buckinghamshire's live farmers will see a touch of the Prime Minister. He will talk to them about pigs or cabbages or lace in the true Parliamentary dialect, and his natural speech will remain as great a mystery as the original language of the men of the flint implements concealed beneath an indelible polish of civilization.

A REVOLUTION IN DRILL.

THE general distrust of old military tactics produced by the discoveries which the Prussian campaign brought to light has not been without an appreciable effect upon that most conservative of all institutions, the British army. The astonishing report has been recently circulated that an entirely new scheme of drill—no mere modification of the red-book system, but something altogether revolutionary in its essence—has been exhibited by the London Scottish Volunteers in the presence, and with the sanction, if not the approval, of distinguished officers of the army. It is even said that permission has been accorded to Lord Elcho's energetic regiment to try their novel movements on the occasion of the annual inspection of the corps. Whatever the value of the new drill may be, there is something very refreshing in this change of tone on the part of the authorities. Only a year or two ago the faintest hint that any improvement was possible in the minutest detail of the red-book was rank blasphemy in their ears. So far, indeed, was this rigid adherence to a stereotyped model carried that a volunteer corps whose rapidity and handiness were entirely due to the freedom with which their late Colonel had modified the minor absurdities of the regulation drill was solemnly lectured on the paramount duty of adhering to the letter of the regimental bible; and yet the innovations that were thus frowned down, though extremely valuable, were by no means flagrant departures from the authorized system. Colonel Brewster had simply adopted and developed the drill of the Rifle Brigade, and, by a number of modifications in matters of detail, had contrived to get rid of nearly all the pedantry of the red-book, and to double the facility and speed with which he could manœuvre his battalion. But though the root and foundation of his drill was still the recognised system of the army, it was thought too bold an innovation to be tolerated after its author had departed, and Colonel Brewster's battalion was in due time taught never to perform any movement more rapidly or conveniently than the published regulations allowed.

Happily the red tape of the Horse Guards has become wonderfully more elastic since the time to which we have referred, but we were not prepared for so marked a reform as is implied in the permission to practise an experimental drill which altogether sets at naught the first principles on which the British army has manœuvred since the days of Marlborough, and which would, if adopted, be nothing short of a revolution in army tactics. A novelty which has received such distinguished toleration deserves consideration apart from its merits; but this is far from being its only claim. Any one who examines it will see in it an ingenuity and simplicity which may well charm even those who doubt whether it would stand the test of actual service. Some time before Lord Elcho had attempted to work his battalion on the new principle, the method had been elaborately explained by its author in the columns of a contemporary, and had excited very general discussion, and it is now no longer a secret that the suggestion of this revolutionary drill is due to a very well known Volunteer commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, of the Edinburgh Rifles. Colonel Macdonald declares war without hesitation against the whole principle of the existing regulations. He tells us that the present system sets at defiance the three prime requisites of simplicity, celerity, and convenience, and that the rules of the Field Exercise book are for the most part contrivances for preventing a movement being accomplished without a series of needlessly complicated manœuvres. The theory of the drill of the British army is based upon a fundamental idea which will, we believe, be found in some analogous form in the method of every European army since standing armies were invented. The men composing a battalion are divided into companies, and each company is formed with its front, rear, and supernumerary ranks, which are expected to keep their relative position throughout all the movements which circumstances may require. The front rank is always to be the front rank, and if it happens to be facing north when an enemy approaches from the south, it is on no account permitted to the commander to face his men about and open fire, but the company is required to go through a troublesome countermarch, so as to bring the proper front rank to the new front, before it can be permitted to face the approaching danger. The men forming the company, moreover, are duly numbered from the right, and divided into subdivisions and sections; and whatever may happen to it, the right-hand file is to be the proper right file, and the right-hand section the proper right section, and so on to the end of the day. The same principle which fixes absolutely the position of the men in each company is applied (subject to a few variations recently introduced) to the position of the companies in the battalion, whether in column or line. The right company in the original formation is always to be the right, and the several companies are required to stand when formed into column in the same order which they occupied in line.

It is these primary conditions of drill that Colonel Macdonald attacks. Having two ranks of men in a company, he would

make whichever suited him his front rank for the time being, and if he found he could form his battalion into line most readily by bringing up some companies with their original front ranks, and others with their original rear ranks in front, he would not hesitate for a moment in performing this dreadfully heretical manœuvre. The first impression of a civilian critic would naturally be to side with Colonel Macdonald, and ask Why not? A line of men with Sniders in their hands will not do less execution on an enemy because they ought theoretically to have their backs to him; and it is quite obvious that, if the plan of keeping the same rank always a front rank could be dispensed with, it would vastly facilitate many movements, and would incalculably diminish the difficulty of training a recruit. Every soldier, and for that matter every volunteer too, knows that almost all the blunders which ever club a battalion, or throw a company into confusion, arise from either the officers or the men forgetting their front. It takes a little time, perhaps, to teach a raw recruit not to turn to the left on the word "Right face"; but still it is a good deal easier for a man to know his own actual right than always to remember an imaginary right which is just as often on his left hand as not, and an imaginary front which is as likely to be behind as before him. The one thing which makes the training of a soldier so tedious a process as it is, is undoubtedly the necessity imposed on him of always knowing the front from the rear, and the right from the left, of his company or section. And until the habit is ingrained into the man's mind, the required mental effort is very considerable. If a number of the clearest-headed men in the world were formed into a line, marched to the front and to the rear, to the right and to the left, wheeled into sections, faced this way and that, brought back into line and so on through a series of the ordinary movements of company drill, not one in ten of them (if previously unpractised) would know at last whether the original right-hand man of the line was at the present right or left of it, or, in other words, whether the line was facing to its proper front or its proper rear; and the difficulty is of course much greater for an ordinary recruit taken from the plough-tail. Indeed, almost the entire process of making a yokel into a soldier consists in teaching him the trick of solving this little problem with invariable accuracy and without a moment's hesitation. When he can do that, and not till then, he is a drilled soldier. The most rigid stickler for the recognised system would admit that, if this severe tax on the memory could be dispensed with, soldiers might be made in a tenth part of the time now requisite, and that the risk of blunders in the movements of a battalion would at the same time be incalculably diminished. It must also be conceded to Colonel Macdonald that the pains which are taken always to preserve the relative position of the front and rear ranks are wholly thrown away, and worse than thrown away, if it is possible to effect all the requisite changes in position of a battalion without exacting the condition that the front rank at the commencement of the manœuvres shall remain the front rank throughout. And this he very ingeniously endeavours to do in his new system of drill.

It is impossible within our limits to follow out all the details of the proposed system, or to explain how far they succeed, and how far they fail, in obviating the necessity for a fixed front rank. But the essential character of the proposals will be easily comprehended if once the reasons that have led to the universal adoption of the contrary principle are understood. These are simple and few. In the first place, it is thought convenient to have a supernumerary rank of subalterns and sergeants always in rear of the fighting men; and it is obvious that if, by a sudden right about face, the rear rank became the front, the supernumeraries would find themselves between the line and the enemy—a position in which they would neither be comfortable themselves nor useful to any one else. Colonel Macdonald meets this difficulty very easily, by ordering his supernumerary rank to double round the flanks of the company and form in the new rear. As this is no more than is now done whenever square is formed, it will probably be admitted on all hands that so far there is no difficulty in the proposed abolition of front. But the essential purpose with which the fixed-front drill was designed was to enable the company to be broken into smaller bodies and reformed at will, and we do not see how this can be done with certainty unless with reference to a fixed front. If a company divided into four sections is faced about, the right section comes to the left of the company, and the right-hand file of each section finds himself to the left of that section, and *vice versa*; and the instant that this pivot man ceases to remember whether he is facing to the original front or the original rear of the company, he ceases also to know whether the rest of the men who compose his section are standing on his right hand or his left. An order given under these circumstances for any movement of sections must necessarily lead to confusion, and unless Colonel Macdonald can dispense with the use of sections altogether, he cannot do without a fixed front, and all the effort of memory which it requires. It is easier for men to be always remembering the direction of their proper front and proper right, as they do now, than to forget it on principle throughout their drill, and try to hit it off by instinct whenever a column of sections has to be formed. And as the most important use of sections is to form square in a hurry on an alarm of cavalry, the circumstances would not be favourable to cool calculation. This is, indeed, the chief obstacle in Colonel Macdonald's way, and he is evidently conscious of the difficulty. To a certain extent he obviates it by abandoning the use of

sections altogether for the purpose of diminishing front, and no serious exception can be taken to the method which he substitutes. But he retains the use of sections in the formation of square, and does not explain how the men are to remember their own positions relatively to their section, or the position of their section relatively to the rest of the company, without taking up afresh the burden of remembering a fixed front from which the new scheme of drill is intended to relieve them. If squares can be efficiently formed without the use of sections (and we believe that this may not be impracticable) then the greatest difficulty in Colonel Macdonald's way would be removed. But his present proposal to form a column of sections out of a company, every man of which (pivots included) had forgotten his front, would be a very effective way of making the sort of bewildered mob which cavalry delight to charge.

The same difficulty that occurs with sections repeats itself, though in a less aggravated form, when the company is merely split into subdivisions. Subdivisions, however, like sections, are rejected by Colonel Macdonald for almost all purposes, and without much loss, as he clearly shows. Perhaps, except as a substitute for sections in the foundation of company-squares, they might easily be spared altogether. But if sections are condemned, almost the only way of forming a respectable company-square would be by means of subdivisions, and this would require every man to know whether the centre of the company was on his right or his left, which would be equivalent to knowing whether the company was facing to its proper front or rear. It is possible that by the positions allotted to the Captain and the supernumeraries, and perhaps by exacting a special effort of memory from the two centre files, this difficulty might not be found insuperable, though, until the method has been thoroughly tested in practice, it is impossible to give an unqualified adhesion to Colonel Macdonald's ingenious proposals, even with such modifications as we have suggested. Another difficulty of precisely the same kind would occur much more frequently in the formation of fours. Fours cannot be formed on the present method unless each man of a left file knows whether he is to work with the man on his right hand or his left, and this depends on whether the line is facing to its proper front or rear. Colonel Macdonald, we observe, proposes that fours should be formed as at present, and that for that purpose each man should remember with whom he is to work—in other words, should remember his front—a condition quite fatal to the success of his drill. The condition, however, is not indispensable, for by requiring each left file always to work with the file for the time being on the right, instead of always with the same file, the effort of memory will be dispensed with, and the movements both into and out of fours might then, by some trifling modifications which need not be discussed here, be made much simpler than they are at present. With the exception of the movements which we have specified, it cannot be disputed that Colonel Macdonald's system will do all that is of any use in the recognised movements, and a great deal more besides, and this with a great increase of simplicity and celerity, and an almost total absence of the strain upon the memory which more than anything else throws inexperienced officers and soldiers into confusion. If the new drill can be moulded into a working shape, the handiness which would be gained can scarcely be exaggerated; and we are glad to see that, at any rate, it is not destined to be peremptorily extinguished without a trial. Still the defects to which we have referred are very serious, and call for important modifications before the new method can hope to supersede the traditions of centuries, and the natural prejudice which soldiers cannot help feeling in favour of the system in which they have been brought up, and the knowledge which they have thoroughly mastered. The subject well deserves the consideration of those in authority, and there really seems some prospect of its receiving the attention it merits.

THE NEWS FROM TURKESTAN.

THE recent Russian news from the Imperial frontier in Tartary certainly requires explanation. A treaty has been concluded with one State, active hostilities are preparing against another—these are the heads of the news, but they hardly justify the commentary of Russian writers on their own peaceful dispositions. It is easy to profess freedom from aggressive designs and reluctance to accept the issue of war, but the mere fact that a treaty is concluded with one State although war goes on against its neighbour is very slender proof that these professions are sincere. There should be some account of the past relations of Russia with both States, and of the disagreements which are ending in open conflict, but on these points hardly any light is vouchsafed. Explanation is the more necessary, because for the last four years similar Russian professions have marked each renewal of hostilities in Turkestan, and the facts have always belied that character of patience under provocation and dislike of annexation which the Government so carefully puts on. The explanation, perhaps, may be that the intentions at St. Petersburg of those in authority are really pacific, only that the Government is badly served by its agents on the spot; but if so, the game of cross-purposes and its results may be deserving of study. The Russian Government must be judged, not merely by its professions in Europe, but by the military facts themselves which occur in Turkestan.

The Russian Government, however, cannot be excused from the charge of putting a false colour on the facts. In this very announce-

ment of a treaty with Kokan as a proof of non-aggressive policy there is something entirely misleading. The argument implied, and indeed explicitly stated, is this—Kokan is a small State, and its conquest would be easy; see how forbearing and conciliatory we are in letting it exist, in treating with it as an independent Power, in only seeking intimate commercial relations with it; surely we can have no motive of conquest in going to war with Bokhara, a State which is much stronger than Kokan, and whose subjugation will involve much greater difficulties. Apparently a strong case is made out; but then the most important facts have been lost sight of. First of all, the State which the Russians call by the name of Kokan is only the remnant of a State, the bulk of which has been already annexed by them. It is only small because its dimensions have been curtailed by Russian hands. This fact ought to be thoroughly understood. Previously to 1864, when the present series of campaigns commenced, the Russians had acquired a large tract of country on the lower course of the Syr-Daria, including the southern portion of the Kirghiz desert, which was outlying territory claimed by the Khan of Kokan, but in that year they gained a footing within the proper limits of the Khanate. In the two following years they added to their dominions a wide region of whose fertility and resources they are never weary of boasting, and this region was won at almost the sole expense of the Khan of Kokan. The bulk of that State—including Tashkent, the commercial capital of Central Asia, and estimated to contain 100,000 inhabitants—lies on the right bank of the Syr-Daria; and this right bank throughout the entire course of the river is now wholly Russian. Their acquisitions on the left bank include Khodjent, the second commercial city in the Khanate, commanding the most important routes across the river as well as the road from Bokhara to Kokan, and shutting out the town of that name from all the left bank below Khodjent. What the Russians mean by Kokan, in short, is only a small district attached to the capital, cooped up between the river and the lofty range of the Thian-Shan, having no outlet which does not lead through Russian territory except a narrow pass over the hills into the equally forlorn and shut-up region of Kashgar and Yarkand. When they make a fuss, therefore, about their treaty with such a State as a proof of their non-aggressive views in attacking a neighbouring Power, one cannot but remember recent history, and wonder whether they will not be equally conciliatory after—but not till after—the new antagonist has been similarly treated. Besides, it is not true that Kokan—what is called by that name—has been treated with as an independent Power. Under the conditions stated its real independence is impossible, and the provisions of the treaty concede everything to Russia. No higher duty than 2½ per cent. is to be imposed on Russian goods; Russian subjects will have full liberty of coming, going, and settling, and will be subject only to their own Consuls; a Russian *imperium* will in effect be formed, and the Khan might as well have a Russian Resident at once, advising him how to rule, and able to back the advice by irresistible force. Clearly the non-aggressiveness of Russia will not be easily demonstrated if Bokhara is quarrelled with for resisting a treaty like this. The Russian Government is convicted by its own illustration of seeking to extinguish the independence of Bokhara. The method of a treaty would be preferred, but war is engaged in to accomplish by direct conquest what energetic diplomacy has failed to secure.

While this construction must be put on the case urged for the Russian Government, enough is known of their actual dealings with Bokhara—known too from the positive facts stated from time to time in their official press—to necessitate the conclusion that the subjugation of that State is intended. Since the capture of Oratepe and Djuzak in the end of 1866, the intention has hardly been doubtful; and though there has been some delay, recent events have made it more and more manifest. The facts patent last year were, that in taking up an advanced post at Djuzak, and still more at Yani-Kurgan, within a few miles of Samarcand, the Russians had driven a thin wedge deep into the heart of a hostile country, and that in so doing their attitude was purely aggressive. They had broken through the mountain barrier which separates Bokhara from the valley of the Syr-Daria, and firmly planted themselves in the valley of the Zer-Afshan, which forms the largest portion and the nucleus of that State; no obstacle was left interposed between them and its twin capitals, Samarcand and Bokhara; but in advancing they had established a chain of posts from the Syr-Daria, more than a hundred miles in length, and beset on every side by the enemy, thus aggravating the difficulties of defending their proper frontier. So clear was it that, if they had meant to stand on the defensive, they should have remained at Oratepe, or even at Khodjent, that the expounder of the opinions of the Indian Government in the *Edinburgh Review* last year, honestly believing that they were averse to aggression, assumed that Djuzak would be evacuated and a less advanced position taken up. That Djuzak was not abandoned, but the still more advanced position of Yani-Kurgan occupied, was therefore a clear indication of an opposite intention. The surprising thing now is that the intention was not carried out last year, but there have been many reasons for a gradual process. The chance of doing the work diplomatically, the economical reasons for operating with only the minimum of force, and perhaps the reconstitution of the frontier provinces and appointment of a new Governor-General, who only arrived on the scene of action last November, may all have had something to do with a post-

ponement of vigorous hostilities. But the end has been kept clearly in view. The indispensable conditions of peace offered to Bokhara were quite consistent with the argument we have described, implying the virtual surrender of its independence. Russian subjects were to have full liberty of trading and settling, subject only to their own Consuls; and this full liberty also meant permission to acquire land in Bokhara. Russian subjects, if the conditions had been agreed to, might have bought up the whole soil of Bokhara, and made it virtually Russian territory, under the proviso that they should be subject only to their own judges. This is the kind of treaty which the Emir of Bokhara has been charged with obstinacy and warlike designs for refusing. All the while various military measures have been quietly in progress by which, when the time comes, the annexation of the Zer-Affshan valley will be greatly facilitated. Under the pretext, which may be well or ill founded, that it has been necessary to repress brigandage, and recover some Russian officers who were made captives last autumn, a detachment was sent out in December last to chastise the offending villages, which happen to be situated in the hills to the north-west of Samarcand, Djuzak being on the north-east. The mission of the detachment was successful, and the officers, whose capture was repudiated by the Emir of Bokhara as contrary to his instructions, have regained their liberty; but "the brigandage continuing," it was determined to occupy the country permanently. Accordingly, in March last, a movement was made to erect a fort in this country to the north-west or almost due west of Samarcand, which would thus have been half-encircled by the Russian frontier as an indirect issue of the Russian attempts to repress brigandage. The new fort, besides, would be within fifty or sixty miles of Bokhara itself, and the Russians would be able to choose at any time which city they would attack. The Russian *Invalide* further describes the fort as "pushed between Samarcand and Bokhara, thus cutting off almost entirely the town of Samarcand from the capital." In this way the Russian grasp of the country has been tightening during the last few months, though the decisive blow has been suspended. The occasion of the new hostilities announced has apparently arisen in connexion with this movement, which naturally called forth resistance. The Russians, even on their own showing, are most to blame for the abnormal situation of which they complain, and which has issued in the present crisis. A state of things which, as they say, was "neither a good peace nor open war," and a frontier undefined, were the natural consequences of their pushing a line of forts into the midst of another State that would not accept the vassalage which alone could make the situation endurable.

Such then are the circumstances which had occurred till within a very short time before that attack on Bokhara which has just been announced. They go far to prove, we think, a settled purpose of aggression, which may not have existed when Turkestan was first entered, but has grown with events. The hostilities undertaken are on a larger scale than in any former campaign; about twenty companies of infantry being the maximum hitherto employed, whereas we are now told there are thirty-six. The auxiliary Cossacks are also more numerous, and we may conclude that the artillery has been augmented in proportion. The strength of the force is another proof of the Russian intention to finish with Bokhara, after which only Khiva will remain of all the States which four years ago composed Independent Tartary. Whether, after past occurrences, and in the midst of Russian territory, Khiva will retain any real independence, is a question that need hardly be considered. And the business, we think it evident, will be ended this very year. The news from Bombay of a great Russian victory may be premature; it is not likely that such intelligence would reach Bombay before St. Petersburg, although the distance is very much less; but it only foreshadows what must sooner or later occur. In any case the extortion of the terms which the Russian generals take with them into the campaign will extinguish the independence of Bokhara. Thus in about five years the Russians will have annexed all Independent Tartary—a rapidity of conquest which we certainly did not anticipate when we called attention at the time to the first steps in the proceeding. The thing which people said would take ten or twenty years to accomplish is as good as done; and this fact has a peculiar significance. Many authorities who have advocated a policy of *laissez-faire* on the part of the Indian Government in regard to Central Asia have done so after more or less probable speculations as to the length of time which Russia would take to reach the Oxus. There was no necessity for doing anything now, it was said; Russia might be checked in her progress, and perhaps twenty years hence her neighbourhood to India might be matter for consideration. But all such speculations must cease. Here is Russia already on the Oxus, within three hundred miles of Herat, and virtually as near Cabul, so that her proximity to India must be reckoned an accomplished fact, with all its consequences coming up for immediate consideration. That Anglo-Indians, or English statesmen of any class, will remain at ease with the "key of India" a few days' ride from the Russian lines is not to be expected. Whether we like it or not, this country must face the alternative of advancing the North-west frontier of India, or leaving it open to Russia, at her discretion and convenience, to seize Herat.

THE STYLE AND SITE OF THE LAW COURTS.

AN unexpected by-issue has been raised by which the deadlock in which the award of the Judges of *Design* has left the question of rebuilding the Law Courts will be still further complicated. Mr. Cochrane improved the occasion of the Friday before the recess to reopen the debate upon the most appropriate site by a protest in favour of the Thames Embankment. Thereupon Mr. Montague Chambers rose, and with a fine allusion to those qualities which have made him the oracle of juries, and the arbiter of Parliamentary decisions, "thought that solidity and sedateness should be consulted, and he was disposed to prefer the mixed Roman and Grecian or Palladian architecture to the turreted or cathedral style proposed in the plans." The *Times* took up the discussion next morning, upholding not only the change of site (on which we do not now propose to enter), but also Mr. Chambers's architectural dicta, which it accepts in a spirit in which contentment is more conspicuous than criticism. The upshot of the pronouncement is that the Law Courts, instead of being an original building, stamped with the impress, and embodying for the time to come the traditions, of our stirring age, are to be a "continuation" of that pretty but insipid mintage of the earlier and more commonplace years of good George III., Somerset House, which "offers a handsome *façade* both to the river and to the Strand, and has a not unsatisfactory side frontage in Wellington Street. The quadrangle is at once imposing and quiet, and the offices enjoy good air and light." All these material advantages are no doubt much to the credit of the good sense of Sir William Chambers, but the man who would find reasons in them for compelling the architects of this better age to go to school to that respectable designer would be capable of insisting upon Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli appearing in the House of Commons with top-boots and brass buttons as a material guarantee for fair play to the agricultural interest. In truth, the shade of the Whitsun holidays was upon the *Times* when it penned those sleepy sentences, for we have too much respect for it to believe that it seriously entertains any preferences, either artistic or practical, for that odd compound "mixed Roman and Grecian." Mr. Chambers, we have no doubt, is profoundly innocent of any acquaintance with the history of modern architectural art, even if he could by any accident sort out the Roman and Grecian elements which help to make up the mixture. He still lives in a Palmerstonian atmosphere. He still believes in narrow windows and winding stairs, dungeons with immured nuns, and bristling parapets, as the characteristics of the grand old style of those ages which made our laws, our liberties, and our civilization—the style of the centuries and of the land in which those very law courts grew up which have now to lodge in the modern palace. But the *Times* cannot have been nodding so long. It cannot be ignorant that ten years since a sufficiently cold and unimpassioned Committee of the House of Commons deliberately reported that in matters of practical convenience there was nothing to choose between the two styles, that Gothic could be as cheap, as light, as airy and as utilitarian as the daintiest Italian. It has itself reviewed the competitive designs, and it has done full justice to them. It cannot now say that Mr. Barry, or Mr. Burges, Mr. Scott, Mr. Street, or Mr. Waterhouse cannot let in as much daylight on even the Equity Courts as Mr. Chambers himself, or his namesake Sir William, who built the much-lauded Somerset House. The controversy, as we will assume, must turn upon purely local considerations. Given Somerset House on the Thames bank, the next large building eastward must, as the critics assume, match that datum point.

Those who urge this argument quite forget that Somerset House will only stand upon the Thames Embankment in a modified sense. It lies back upon a little terrace of its own, which will have to be coaxed into the general plan; while, from this fact, from the proximity of Waterloo Bridge, from its deficient altitude, and from its not possessing any eastward *façade*, it will only form a feature in the landscape from certain near points of view. The Law Courts, on the contrary, if placed upon the Embankment site, must be so plotted out as to form a dominant element in the constituent whole. They will give the cue, so to speak, of the Embankment architecture, not take it from any other building. Moreover, if there be any existing group in the whole Thames vicinity with which from all the grandest points of view they will be brought into comparison, it will be the imposing Gothic mass of Westminster Abbey and Westminster Palace; while Gothic itself is represented by Lambeth Palace and the Temple, not to mention the semi-Gothic outline of Charing Cross Hotel. But even if Somerset House did stand out in evidence upon the Embankment, as it never can do, still its river front, which the *Times* takes up as the model for our imitation, really furnishes the best evidence of the inferiority of "mixed Roman and Grecian" for the purposes of effective civic architecture. Somerset House, no doubt, passes muster very well from the Strand, where it can only be studied from the ground level and at a short distance, so that the attic—or, to speak plain English, the garret—story is lost. But on the river side, and from the elevation of Waterloo Bridge, this feature stands revealed in undisguised ugliness, cropping up into a grotesque confusion of distorted chimney-pots and tubes which perfectly stifle the diminutive cupola on which Chambers relied as the central balancing feature. In one word, Somerset House is deficient in that prime essential of all effective civic architecture—sky-line. Lord Westminster's new buildings are the best proof of the correctness of our position.

They are without doubt the most successful example of street-building on a large scale which London contains, but they owe their merit, not to their Italian detail, which is often crude and intrusive, but to the elements of Gothic composition in their steep roofs, aspiring chimneys, and varied sky-line. Mr. Scott, bound down to a more rigid adherence to the Palladian style in his public offices than Mr. Cundy was by his private employer, attempted to impart sky-line by the addition of his two square tower-like masses. With what success this experiment was crowned, we leave to those to say who take pains to study from Waterloo Place the *coup d'œil* of the Palace of Westminster, intercepted as it is by the Foreign Office. Had the style chosen for Grosvenor Mansions been a natural development of Gothic, instead of a modified Louis XIV., all their good points would have continued unimpaired, and many advantages, both of a practical and an artistic kind, have been realized in which they are at present deficient. Well, then, in face of this testimony, even from the "mixed" side as to the advantages of that method of building which owes its origin to any original rather than of old Greece, will Mr. Chambers and the *Times* tell us to throw away the experience with which buildings like those in Grosvenor Place have enriched us and fall back upon the baluster-hidden tile-slope and chimney-pot, hideous as they are to look on, and wasteful of the accommodation which bolder roofs so easily give, or will they close with the Grosvenor Mansions as expressing that which they mean by their mixture? If they do so, all we can say is that the pretended correspondence with Somerset House which is urged as a reason for giving up Gothic is an audacious attempt to hoodwink the ignorant portion of the public. In all principles of general composition Somerset House and Grosvenor Mansions are wholly different, the difference being that one borrows its outlines from that style which grew up at Rome out of the decadence of Greek art, and that the other boldly appropriates Gothic principles in working out the composition. We freely admit that when we come to the details, there is a likeness between the buildings; but the details with which the Grosvenor Mansions are bedecked are palpably a misfit. So then, if, after all, our "mixed Roman and Grecian" is to be neo-Belgravian, all that the critics intend is that Gothic in wrong clothes is to be chosen in preference to Gothic duly invested with its appropriate garniture. With this issue fairly before the world, we should confidently await the verdict of educated common sense.

In brief, let the question of the change of site, as the *Times* proposes, be fairly entered into. It may be taken up without prejudice or preference either way. There is much, we have no doubt, to be said for it, and a great deal will certainly be said against it. But we protest against being forced to enter on the discussion encumbered with a distinct contention as to the style of the edifice. The mind of the age—better educated in matters of taste than the bygone generation of virtuosi whose pale counterfeit still haunts us in the form of Mr. Montague Chambers—has elected for the architecture of Christian Europe as the most dignified and most convenient for the especial purpose. In ready reply to this award admirable designs by eminent architects have been provided to embody the preference, and it would now be both a crime and a blunder to throw away, as the *Times* proposes, the whole work of these competitors. Whoever may be the chosen architect, he must be one of those who fought at Lincoln's Inn, and he must be allowed to enter on his task free to follow the bent of his predilections. Lord Palmerston tried once too often the immoral experiment of blinding a great artist, and setting him to grind in the mill of a style with which he had no spontaneous sympathy. The style, we say, is settled; the men are ready. All that can be urged against "mixed Grecian and Italian" in Carey Street holds still more true of the Embankment site; all that can be pleaded for Gothic on the Thames banks holds equally good of Gothic in the Strand. On these terms the controversy will be a perfectly legitimate one. It seemed to have been closed up; but we have been living fast, and enduring many vicissitudes since the quieter days during which the Law Courts Commission was created by an Act of the last Parliament. That, however, which was not created by Act of Parliament, or fiat of the Commissioners, was the choice of style. Public instinct pronounced the sentence there, and we protest against the unfairness which would set aside that instinct upon an issue wholly collateral, and flagrantly irrelevant.

THE FRENCH PLAYS.

THE pieces brought out by M. Raphaël Félix, who this year reappears as the director of French plays at the St. James's Theatre, are in one respect exceedingly well chosen. A list might easily have been made of works more suitable to the English taste, but we doubt greatly whether it would have been possible to present a series more fitted to render the London public acquainted with the actual state of the Parisian drama. Of course no attempt is made to produce those heavy dramas which owe their attraction to the splendour of their decorations, and which therefore require an outlay which a long run can alone reimburse. It is what we may call the literary, as distinguished from the "spectacular," French drama that is fairly represented—so fairly indeed that if *Paul Forestier*, recently noticed by us, were added to the list, there would scarcely be a gap of which reasonable complaint could be made. Nor is it the fault of M. Félix that the last work by M. Emile Augier is omitted. Had it not been for the veto of

the Lord Chamberlain, a performance of *Paul Forestier* would have been among the intellectual amusements of London in the present year of grace, and those who are disappointed by its non-production may settle with themselves whether they will attribute their grievance to the rigour of the censor or to the laxity of the dramatist.

The class of play which, but for the interposition of authority, might have found its typical expression in *Paul Forestier*, is now best represented by the *Nos Intimes* of M. Victorien Sardou, which, however, encountered a difficulty in the Chamberlain's Office last summer—although an English version of it, written by Mr. Horace Wigan, and entitled *Friends or Foes*, was brought out at the St. James's Theatre some years ago. M. Sardou has written in prose, and the last play by M. Augier is in verse, while the latter soars to a tragic elevation unessayed by the former. But they both found their grand situations on the delicate position that arises when a gentleman of unbidded passion finds himself alone at an unseemly time with the lady who is the object of his aspirations. Such a position is described with a sort of obscure minuteness by Adolphe de Beaubourg in *Paul Forestier*, and nearly leads to a rupture between two friends; it is also approached before the eyes of the spectators when Paul, under the sway of his revived infatuation, attempts to carry off Léa. In *Nos Intimes* the matter is managed differently. A series of circumstances has caused the young wife of a very worthy but somewhat prosaic gentleman to be left nearly alone, and apparently unprotected, in her country-house at midnight, exposed to the extremely practical assiduities of a young man whom she has regarded with a feeling that cannot be more appropriately designated than by the somewhat vulgar phrase, a "sneaking kindness." To see the youth rise in ardour and audacity, and to become more and more doubtful whether the lady will ultimately become pliant or not, is of course a fine recreation for well-regulated minds; and when, the lady's sense of virtue becoming triumphant, she makes her lover retreat for a moment into the balcony, and then saves herself by barring the shutter, the gasp of satisfaction which ensues admirably proves that the public is, after all, orthodox in its ethical views.

It would be agreeable to reflect on the fact that the pleasure taken in scenes of the kind just described is decidedly un-English, were the fact itself beyond a doubt. Unfortunately, *Nos Intimes*, the most dangerous piece of all that have yet been produced at the St. James's, has proved decidedly the most attractive. We may still, however, take refuge in the theory that the Londoners who patronize French plays in the British capital do not, for the time at least, represent the English proper. They have probably tasted largely of caviare, and are not to be deemed of the multitude. It is indeed a known truth that a foreign tongue serves as a veil to impropriety, even with those to whom the language is familiar. An immaculate country clergyman will calmly read passages in the ancient classics that would make him bound from his chair if written in the vernacular. Let it be added, that the more intellectual among the visitors to a foreign dramatic entertainment are actuated in a great measure by what may be called the travelling sentiment. In his own land, a sensible, well-disposed man merely wishes to get rid of the bad and to encourage the good; but the same man, on a tour, desires to learn the propensities of his fellows, and will even contemplate what is unpleasant if at the same time it is a source of information. If an offensive play by a London author is put on a London stage, it is simply a nuisance to be abated. The French play does not come under the same category when it has been popular in France, inasmuch as it serves to reveal to us the predilections of an important nation. We can perfectly conceive a dramatic censor licensing the performance of a play in its original foreign language, and prohibiting the performance of a literal translation of the same work, without being actuated by any motive irreconcilable with the dictates of a pure conscience.

Nos Intimes is altogether a most amusing play, and, moreover, a good specimen of the principle of M. Victorien Sardou, which is shown likewise in *La Famille Benoiton*, and *Nos bons Villageois*, and is to a certain extent the principle of the *School for Scandal*. The moral implied in the title of the play is not carried out by the persons on whom the interest of the story depends, but by a number of subordinate figures, on whom, therefore, a more than average amount of attention is bestowed. The relation of the brothers Surface to their uncle and to Sir Peter Teazle forms the plot of Sheridan's great work, but the business of calumny appertains to Mrs. Candour and her circle, Lady Teazle occupying two positions, not implied by each other, as the chief female in the plot and as an accomplished scandal-monger. So is it with *Nos Intimes*. The weakness to which M. Sardou directs our attention in the first instance is that easiness of temperament which renders a man heedless in the selection of his friends, and thus subjects him to infinite annoyance. The Parisian cockney who, with a rural mania, takes a country-house which he opens to all who choose to cross the threshold, is tormented out of his life by a swarm of parasites who are destitute even of the ordinary parasitical courtesy. These wretches point the moral of the piece; but the one among them who, avoiding the character of a petty nuisance, attempts to seduce the wife of his host, has evidently nothing to do with the purpose of the rest. Similarity of tone at least keeps the two constituent portions of Sheridan's comedy in harmony with each other, but M. Sardou oscillates uneasily between the decidedly serious drama and the broadest farce. The position of the husband, when his eyes are opened,

approaches the domestically tragic; the circumstances under which his dreadful *intimes* do their best to involve him in a duel are worthy of a Palais Royal extravaganza.

M. Emile Augier is a much more rigid observer of dramatic unity than M. Victorien Sardou. In his *Paul Forestier* there are no personages who are not essentially concerned in the one story which is the plot of the piece; and the same may be said of his more harmless work, *Maitre Guérin*, which has a place in the repertory of M. Raphaël Félix, and which, though brought out at the Théâtre Français nearly five years since, is a novelty to London. A château, which may be made to its owner the basis of an aristocratic title, is the focus to which every personage in the piece is attached, and by which all undue centrifugal tendencies are prevented. It is the property of an old projector, whom Swift would have consigned to the island of Laputa, and is the delight of his daughter, whose whole energies are devoted to the one great end of preventing her father from ruining himself by absurd schemes. But it is warmly coveted by a worldly widow, who to the wealth she has would add the nobility she has not, and there is no knowing what favour she may accord to one who will transfer it into her hands. Under these circumstances, Maitre Guérin, a village notary, who has made himself rich by sharp practice, and who, wishing to become a deputy, would gladly surround himself with influential friends, is strongly tempted to take the château from its present owner, and use it as an instrument to purchase the hand of the crafty widow for his own son, an officer in the army. On the endeavours of Guérin, the notary, to take advantage of the pecuniary difficulties and the hopefulness against hope of Desroncerets the projector, and to gain the desirable château, the whole piece depends, and the ingenuity with which M. Augier has complicated together a number of clearly defined characters by means of an expedient apparently so simple reveals a talent to which we should vainly seek a parallel among the dramatists of this country. First, there is the notary himself, a well-mannered man, impatient of the least soil on his coat or his reputation, and anxious to proceed in all things with the most precise legality, but whose internal motives by no means correspond to the purity of his exterior. Then there are Colonel Guérin, son of the notary, who, as is generally the case with military men on the French stage, is a man of the nicest honour; and Madame Guérin, a model of unsophisticated simplicity and affection, who shares the principles of her son, and is adverse to those of his father. Madame Cécile Lecouteur, who encourages the love of Colonel Guérin while her husband is alive, but with true French acuteness grows more cautious when she has become a widow, and Arthur the nephew of the deceased gentleman, who first endeavours to upset his uncle's will, and then, finding his prospects of success doubtful, tries to compromise matters by marrying his aunt-in-law, are a pair full of significance. And the same may be said of Desroncerets, the projector, whose sanguine imprudence presents a striking contrast to the quiet craftiness of Guérin, and of his daughter Francine, a young lady who, rising far above the level of the traditional *ingenue*, keeps her father's accounts, and, without acquainting him with the fact, maintains him through his difficulties on her own private resources.

Moral justice is duly done. The machinations of the wily notary are thwarted; even the worldly-wise, to whom he might naturally look for sympathy, abandon him in disgust, and a union is effected between his noble-minded son and the admirable daughter of the man he has attempted to ruin. Here is a story of unexceptionable tendency; but there is no doubt that proper *Maitre Guérin* is much less agreeable to the English taste than the doubtful comedy of M. Sardou. If there is one thing to which your genuine Briton will not take, it is a play in which there is no visible movement, and in which the whole amusement is to be derived from the conversation of the *dramatis personæ*. The characters in *Maitre Guérin* are well conceived and firmly drawn; the plot, as we have explained, is most ingenious, but then there is too much talk and too little action, and this will not suit London, though the comedy was a favourite piece in Paris.

A very pleasing comedy, yet one which has not specially delighted the patrons of St. James's, is *Le Duc Job*, written by the late M. Léon Laya, and also new to London, though originally brought out at the Théâtre Français as far back as the year 1859. This piece stands apart from the other works of the same author, which are for the most part of a lighter or broader kind, and it embodies a sentiment which is among the peculiarities of the modern French stage. This sentiment appears as a reaction against that devotion to self-made men which is common in "liberal" communities, and reaches its perfection in the United States of America. At one time the man who had accumulated a vast fortune by his own unassisted energy was immeasurably superior, in the eyes of all theatrical audiences, to the man who owed everything to his ancestors, rivaling in popularity the honest rustic of an earlier date who could look a lord in the face without flinching. The large commercial frauds by which the last few years have been disgraced have tended, however, to lessen the respect for wealth accumulated in the hands of persons of humble birth, and French dramatists especially have of late delighted to place aristocratic blood in advantageous contrast to democratic wealth. The old Marquis in M. Emile Augier's comedy *Les Effrontés* presented a case in point, but the reactionary predilection for high birth was never perhaps manifested with such complete perspicuity as in *Le Duc Job*. Jean, Duc de Rieux, of ancient family, is not quite so poor as the Scriptural sufferer from whom he derives his nickname, but his

income is of the humblest, and it is said of him, as it was of his father before him, that he has more gold in his heart than in his pocket. He is not, however, allowed to go without the usual passport to French popularity. He has served in the army of Algiers; and though he has only risen to the humble rank of serjeant, he has distinguished himself by his valour. If *Maitre Guérin* exhibits the victory of plain-dealing over professional roguery, *Le Duc Job* shows aristocratic poverty triumphant over wealth acquired by speculation. Jean, who has his pendant in his paternal uncle, a marquis quite as good and nearly as poor as himself, is in love with the daughter of his aunt, who has married a rich banker. This banker, thanks to his noble wife, is not quite so ignoble as, in accordance with the modern aristocratic theory, bankers ought to be; but his principles are carried out to absolute baseness by his son, and he would marry his daughter to a man who has no merit beyond the reputation of having gained a fortune in a hurry. Jean is so modest, and so susceptible of his own pecuniary deficiencies, that he dares not even whisper his devotions into the ear of his fair cousin, who is not without her predilection for that *solide* which he regards with supreme aversion. Modest merit, however, makes its way, and that the dislike of the *solide* which M. Laya wishes to inculcate may be maintained to the last, a handsome fortune, which in the end falls to the lot of "Duc Job," is regarded by both him and his affianced bride as a calamity, so thorough is the young lady's conversion.

Neither this piece, nor the domestic drama, *Les Crochets du Père Martin*, have proved extremely popular, though the latter, new to London in the original language, was the foundation of that *Porter's Knot* in which the late Mr. F. Robson played one of his most favourite parts. Exceptional delight, on the other hand, has been excited by *Les Jocrisses de l'Amour*, a wild farcical extravaganza by MM. Th. Barrière and L. Thiboust, brought out some three years since at the Palais Royal, where pieces of the kind are called comedies. Here a lax morality worthy of Afra Behn, and an improbability of incident worthy of a Christmas pantomime, vie with each other to provoke laughter. Two youths of the species whom the French term "jocrisses," and the English "spoonies," are so strongly attached to two "social evils" of the worst description, that they cannot be induced by the uncle to marry two young ladies of respectable family, but of horrible temper. Nor do the elders themselves come with clean hands into court. The uncle of the silly youths "protects" an interesting damsel, who is, in fact, the servant of one of the two sirens that so greatly distress him; and the father of the girls has had an illegitimate son before marriage, and trembles lest the fact should come to the knowledge of his wife. The despair of the "jocrisses," one of whom is always on the point of committing suicide; the violence of the young ladies, who are ever flying at each other; the tricks of the "lorettes," and the dilemmas of the old men, keep up an orgie of wild mirth for three acts, of which those may have a notion who remember *Une Fière brûlante* and *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*, two earlier works belonging to the same category. It is worthy of remark that those long farces which so highly amuse English audiences when performed in France have invariably failed when transferred to the English stage.

The principal actor of this, as of last year, is the veteran M. Ravel, of whose versatility the patrons of the travelling *troupe* directed by M. Raphaël have probably a much more perfect knowledge than the citizens of Paris. There his position as leading comedian of the Palais Royal gained for him a first-rate reputation as a broad *farceur*; here his department is without limit. In the short pieces which were played on the opening night of the season, he took characters respectively created by Bouffé and Vernet. Maricat, a fidgety, selfish, old gentleman, his part in *Nos Intimes*, belonged to M. Numa; the Duc de Rieux and Maitre Guérin were the property of M. Got. No man can be equally great in everything, and to deduce a result from the various premises offered by the recent displays of M. Ravel, we should say that when he departs from the broadly comic, which has always been his own, he still shines most where eccentricity of some kind is to be delineated. His least effective part is the Duc de Rieux, simply because this amiable young aristocrat is the least of an oddity. All his other characters are excellent.

The actors associated with M. Ravel, under the direction of M. Raphaël Félix, are not highly celebrated; but they do their work very well. Madlles. Deschamps and Milla, whose names hold a post of honour in the programme, are intelligent performers of young ladies; Madlle. Tommison is a "grande coquette" of a somewhat pensive cast; Madame Stephen, an excellent actress of ladies. M. Mercier is a most creditable old gentleman, ably seconded by M. Huguette in the same line; and M. Molina has the quality, indispensable in some of the pieces, of being a good talker, though rather too much disposed to make confidants of his audience. The young gentlemen are capably sustained by MM. Chandora and Guérin.

Altogether those who wish to see the present aspect of French comedy could not have a better opportunity than in following the series of performances at the St. James's Theatre.

THE OAKS.

IT does not say much for the alleged improvement of the British racehorse that the field for the Oaks should be smaller and smaller every year. In 1863, there were twenty starters;

in 1864, nineteen; in 1865, eighteen; in 1866, seventeen; and last year the number dwindled down to eight. Considering that the stakes amount to more than five thousand pounds, and that for the last ten years the number of entries has not fallen very far short of two hundred—in 1867 there were 206 subscribers—we cannot avoid beginning to look on the race as a failure. Two-year-old running is no doubt a good deal the cause of this meagre result, but the chief reason is that at this time of the year it is almost impossible to depend upon mares being in fit condition to run. The Oaks, like the Derby, is now such a time-honoured institution that it is useless to think of altering it; but it is much to be wished that there was a great three-year-old race for fillies in the autumn, when there would be a fair chance of bringing a good number of them to the post in their best form. Last year Achievement did not run in the spring within two stone of her real form, and this year again we have seen her succumb in the month of May to Julius, almost without an effort. This fact alone should have deterred people from considering this year's Derby as a certainty for a mare; but then it is in human nature to be always looking and hoping for exceptions to general rules. There were 215 subscribers to the Oaks of 1868, and the fillies were so formidable in two-year-old races last year, that many persons jumped to the conclusion that all the great three-year-old prizes this year would fall to them also. Leonie, Athena, Lady Elizabeth, Virtue, Formosa, Green Sleeve, Lady Coventry, and Franchise, all distinguished themselves highly as two-year-olds. So many good fillies had rarely been seen in one year; and if any one had prophesied that in May, 1868, seven out of those eight would be found incapable of galloping a mile and a half at a moderate pace, he would have been laughed at for his pains. But, startling as have been the casualties that have befallen some of the colts this year, the fillies have been more unfortunate still. Lady Elizabeth, after having been raised to the highest pinnacle of equine fame, was disgraced and degraded by her Derby exhibition. Athena can only go half a mile, and with three-quarters of a mile Leonie is satisfied. Franchise broke her leg when running prominently in the Derby; Green Sleeve has not had time to recover from the epidemic that raged in Sir Joseph Hawley's stable; Lady Coventry is all legs; and Virtue, though considerably improved since the One Thousand in appearance and condition, has failed to fulfil the expectations formed of her after her running in the Champagne Stakes. Thus, in one way or another, both in quantity and in quality, the field dwindled away, so that out of the two hundred and fifteen entered only eight were coloured on the card, and to these a ninth was subsequently added. In addition to Lady Elizabeth, Athena, Leonie, Virtue, Formosa, and Lady Coventry, whose names we have already mentioned in connexion with the race, the field included Janet Rawcliffe, Fair Star, and Curfew Bell. The two former were utterly unfit, and the latter had been ignominiously beaten on the first day of the meeting by King Alfred, Grinston, and Silenus. Lady Elizabeth and Athena did not come into the paddock, but were saddled at Tattenham Corner, and cantered past the Stand after the others. Lady Elizabeth moved without the slightest life or freedom, as if she had not yet aroused herself from the state of stupid torpor in which she was on the Derby day. She looked also worn and wasted and jaded, without either flesh or muscle—a veritable scarecrow, in fact. Formosa was in perfect condition, and her looks did not belie her name. She is very beautiful—beautiful in her shape, beautiful in her colour, and beautiful in her action. The story of the race is soon told. Lady Elizabeth gave no trouble, and there were no false starts. The pace was very slow, and, with the exception of Janet Rawcliffe, who was unfit to go a quarter of a mile, Lady Elizabeth was the slowest of them all. There was nothing to make the running, but they all cantered slowly till Fordham chose to take Formosa to the front, and then she went on easily at her pleasure without ever putting on full speed, but still getting further and further away from her followers, till at length she cantered past the winning-post ten lengths ahead of Lady Coventry, who was six lengths in front of Athena, who was ten lengths in front of Fair Star, and so on. Lady Elizabeth, as in the Derby, was last but two; and one of those two was pulled up. So simple, so ridiculously easy, a victory in a great race was never seen, but we must not jump to the conclusion that Formosa is a first-class animal over a considerable distance. She may be, or she may not be, but time must prove. Her Oaks victory proves nothing, for there was nothing in the race to make her gallop, and the time was four seconds more than in the Derby. At present her reputation rests on her running in the Two Thousand, and our opinion is that the dead-heaters in that race are some pounds below the best of their year.

The Woodcote Stakes is the two-year-old race of the meeting, and one of the most important of the first half of the racing year. There were nineteen runners, and a better-looking lot, take them altogether, never met together in the same race. Many of them, however, require more time, and will show in the future great improvement on their early performance. Among these we may name the colt by Tim Whiffler out of Hermione, Thirlestane, and Martyr. Unquestionably the fittest of the nineteen was the filly by Oulston out of Crucifixion, and from her beautiful condition, and also because she belonged to an upright and honourable man, she attracted the largest share of popular favour. This she justified by running with the greatest gameness, and, but for meeting with a slight mishap at Tattenham Corner, she would undoubtedly have been second, but under no circumstances

would she have beaten Belladrum, who won very easily by two lengths. Belladrum, the property of Mr. Merry, is by Stockwell out of Catherine Hayes, and is a fine racing-like colt, 15 hands 3 in. high already. He ran in stockings, which in itself is always enough to make some professed judges shake their heads. Good-looking as the runners for the Woodcote were, we should have been better pleased with them if Flower Girl had not occupied so prominent a position. The winner is engaged in eighteen races this year, and in all the great three-year-old races of 1869. Nothing had a chance with Sister to Hermit in the half-mile race for two-year-olds on Thursday, for her speed over that distance is astonishing, though she cannot go a yard further. Sister to Rosicrucian, who was second, was very unfit, and it was a pity to bring out again the promising Hermione colt, who, if allowed time, will certainly distinguish himself over longer courses. Sister to Hermit will, we imagine, never improve on her present form, and therefore she had better pick up as many of these half-mile prizes as fall in her way. For the Two-Year-Old Plate on the Oaks day there was an inferior field, and Electricity, taking the benefit of the allowance for having started three times this year without winning, was successful, but we doubt whether there was anything of high class among the runners.

Looking back at the remaining races of the week, it may be remarked that King Alfred's victory over Grinston and Silenus on the first day would have infallibly directed attention to his Derby chance were it not that people are so accustomed now to the in-and-out running of Baron Rothschild's horses that they cease to attempt to measure with any accuracy their exact form. Grinston beat Speculum at Bath by a neck only at even weights; but here King Alfred, in receipt of 4 lbs., beat Grinston easily. Yet it never seemed to occur to any one that, according to this, King Alfred ought to beat Speculum by at least a length in the Derby. And so literally was this public trial carried out, as between these two, that at the commencement of the last quarter of a mile of the Derby race, King Alfred was just a length in front of Speculum. Going on, he increased this difference to five lengths, just as he would have beaten Grinston much further if the Craven Stakes course had been a quarter of a mile longer. The Rous Stakes was left entirely to the top weights, and The Palmer, carrying 9 st. 3 lbs., again ran a wonderfully good horse. He gave King Victor, the winner, 10 lbs., and ran him to three-quarters of a length, finishing neck and neck with Lord Ronald, to whom he was conceding two years and 10 lbs. The Heathcote Plate, over half a mile, was a runaway affair for Leonie, who, being the quickest on her legs, got a long start, and ran right away from Athena, Ironmaster being a very bad third. Had the start been effected on equal terms, we think Leonie, on public running, would have been sure to win; still the prevailing opinion was contrariwise. The Grand Stand Cup brought out a very second-class field—Clairon, the Attack colt, Lord Palmerston, and the like. Fervacques was running, but he is a thing of the past, and Tormentor was running, but she was very inferior at her best, and had the good luck to defeat the worst Oaks field of modern times. Clairon, who is an honest enough horse of the second class, had little difficulty in disposing of such antagonists; and we need only remark that Lord Palmerston is one of those animals who are always supposed to be capable of accomplishing something great, but who invariably fail. Handicappers are quite lenient enough to him, but the more he runs the worse he runs. The Queen's Plate was a match between Hippias and Gomera, though five other animals started, in case these two should fall down. Hippias outlasted Gomera and, like all the King Toms, relished the hill more than her opponent. She pulled up very leg-weary, but it was found that she had received no injury. The Glasgow Plate on the Oaks day fell easily to Xi, though seven furlongs might appear to be a little beyond his distance. But he was admirably ridden, and not being allowed to force the pace his fine speed was reserved for the last part of the race, and, when once let out, the issue was never in doubt for a moment. Silenus, who was second, ran gamely enough, but he is of inferior class to Xi, and to make the latter give him 1 lb. only for the year is a mistake on the part of the handicapper that can only be accounted for by supposing that he thought the distance too far for Sir Joseph Hawley's horse.

On the whole, the fields were not large during the week, nor was the racing particularly attractive. Take away the Derby and the Woodcote, and there remains next to nothing. It was a waste of time going to see the Oaks, and for the discussion of such a bill of fare as was offered, three days, instead of four, would have been amply sufficient. The contrast between the summer and spring meetings at Epsom, as regards the quality of the sport, was this year disagreeably evident.

REVIEWS.

JEREMY TAYLOR AS A MORALIST.*

(Second Notice.)

IN a former article we tried to give some account of the different elements of which Taylor's great work on casuistry is composed. We propose, on the present occasion, to attempt to draw an outline of its contents, and to show its relation to subsequent and contemporary moral speculations.

* *Ductor Dubitantium; or, the Rule of Conscience.* By Jeremy Taylor. Vols. XI. XII. XIII. and XIV. of Heber's Edition of Bishop Taylor's Works.

The *Ductor Dubitantium* is divided into four books, which treat respectively of Conscience, its different kinds, and the general rules for conducting it; of the Law of Nature in general, and particularly as it is commanded and digested by Christ, and of the manner in which it is to be interpreted; of Human Laws, civil and ecclesiastical, and of the degree of obligation which they impose upon the conscience; and, lastly, of the Nature of Good and Evil, and of Human Actions, and their efficient and final causes.

For reasons referred to in our former article, we will begin with the Fourth Book. Its subject is, "The Nature and Causes of Good and Evil, their limits and circumstances, their aggravations and diminutions," or, which Taylor regards as being the same thing, "the efficient and the final causes of all human actions." The efficient cause of human actions is the will—"the mistress of all our actions." The will is free, and this liberty, "agreeable to the whole method and purpose, the economy and design of human nature and being" (xiv. 281), is an imperfection. In the whole book there is no more characteristic passage than the one in which this is explained. It is too long to quote, and in parts very eloquent; but the point of it is that our liberty is imperfect, and that liberty itself is an imperfection arising from the mixture of good and evil in ourselves and in the constitution of the world. The reason of this is shortly expressed as follows:—

If we understood all the degrees of amability in the service of God, and if we could love God as he deserves . . . we should have no liberty left, nothing concerning which we could deliberate. . . . The saints and angels in Heaven, and God himself, love good and cannot choose evil, because to do so were imperfection and infelicity, and the devils and accursed souls hate all good without liberty and indifference, but between these is the state of man in the days of his pilgrimage.

He also says, "In moral and spiritual things liberty and indetermination are weakness, and suppose a great infirmity of our reason and a great want of love." In this theory Taylor, in effect, concedes all that a believer in the modern doctrine of philosophical necessity would contend for—namely, that what is commonly described as the consciousness of liberty is nothing but the condition of a man who does not know his own mind. "Liberty of will," says Taylor, "is like the motion of a magnetic needle towards the North, full of trembling and uncertainty, till it be fixed in the beloved point; it wavers as long as it is free, and is at rest when it can choose no more" (xiv. 286). Freedom, according to this, is only the sense of uncertainty of which we are conscious whilst we are employed in weighing motives. There are, however, abundant indications in other parts of the chapter that Taylor did not perceive the full force of the line of thought towards which his rhetoric pointed; but it is needless to insist upon this. He goes on to point out (what no doubt is true) that voluntary actions only are moral, and he then proceeds to the question whether any voluntary acts can be indifferent (291-2), and decides it in the negative; an idle word is a sin because it is idle, and conversely men are bound (Question ii. 297-305) to live in a manner "fitted to the general design of a Christian's life," and to adapt all their conduct to that end, so that every action of their lives may be in some degree actively good. Next, he considers how the will may act, in respect of the immediate or remote character of its connexion with its acts; and this involves him in most singular questions about ratification (305-9), "a distinction known in the civil law between 'mandatum' and 'passio'" (310), (instigation by an equal and the command of a superior) and the question how far silence gives consent (315-8), and whether in any case it is lawful to permit sin; as, for instance, when "Pancirone, an Italian gentleman," gave a German ambassador liquor enough to get drunk "after his country fashion" (319). He also discusses the question of the moral guilt of accessories and principals in the second degree, the question how far it is lawful to "make or provide the instruments which usually minister to sin." Acts, he says, "which minister only to vanity and trifling pleasures are of ill fame." A Christian is bound to do something profitable to the commonwealth and acceptable to God; but Taylor will not go so far as to say that a man who lives by juggling is to be "directly condemned for this, and said to be in a state of damnation." Still "if he comes near a spiritual guide," he is "to be called off from that which at the best is good for nothing" (325). Card-making and dice-making he regards as lawful (324), because in certain cases (327-333) and subject to rules (333-344) it is lawful to play at cards and dice. In the course of his disquisition upon this point a curious passage occurs which illustrates the state of knowledge of the time, and in particular the total absence in Taylor's mind of any just notions of chance or probability:—

In these cases, I have heard from them that have skill in such things, there are such strange chances, such promoting of a hand by fancy and little arts of geomancy, such constant winning on one side, such unreasonable losses on the other, and these strange contingencies produce such horrible effects that it is not improbable that God hath permitted the conduct of such games of chance to the Devil, who will order them to where he can do the most mischief (337).

From the question of principal and agent Taylor passes to the question of intention, and of the degree of moral guilt which may be involved in it. There are six steps in the "production of a sin" (344)—1. The inclination of the will; 2. The will arresting itself upon the tempting object; 3. The will being pleased with the thought of it; 4. Desiring to do it, but "not clearly and distinctly, but upon certain conditions, if it were lawful," &c.; 5. Desire to do it unconditionally; and 6. Execution. Having described these stages of guilt with much sagacity and ingenuity,

he proceeds, by the help of odd scholastic phraseology about formal and material guilt (348-356), to consider how many sins are involved in the various mental stages through which guilt passes. He gets here into the most singular refinements. "If the course of the outward act" is interrupted and resumed, there is more than one sin or virtuous act. A man who brings up an orphan "does often sleep and often not think of it, and hath many occasions to renew his resolution." If he delights in it, and chooses *toties quoties*, he does so many distinct acts of charity. But each intention must produce some effect. "Titius intends to give Caius a new gown at the calends," but forgets. His first intention is thrown away; and if, upon a new intention, he does give him a gown at the calends, he is credited with only one act of charity, not two:—

If a man against his will nod at his prayers, and awakening himself by his nodding, proceed in his devotion, he does not pray more than once, because the first intention is sufficient to point his prayer. But if he falls asleep overnight, and sleeps till morning, his morning prayer is upon a new account, and the will must renew her act, or there is nothing done.

This is a good illustration of the absurd consequences which flow from the view which Taylor always takes of the will, as being a sort of subordinate man. It is followed by an inquiry into the cases in which an involuntary effort, proceeding from a voluntary cause, is imputed to the agent (356-67). By this Taylor means the case of a man who gets drunk, in order that when drunk he may sin without restraint, in which case he says the sin consequent on the drunkenness, as well as the drunkenness itself, is imputed. But it is otherwise if the consequence was not foreseen or designed, in which case the consequences of drunkenness have their moral effect as aggravations of the drunkenness, not as substantive offences (380-6); and so as to other cases of negligence. This second part of the rule forms part of an inquiry into the effects of ignorance upon guilt. In relation to this matter, Taylor handles incidentally, as is his manner, very large questions. He begins by asking of what men may lawfully be ignorant (364)? No man, he says, can be "innocently ignorant of that which all the nations of the world have ever believed and publicly professed, as that there is a God—that God is good, and just, and true; that he is to be worshipped; that we must do no more wrong than we are willing to suffer," &c. No Christian can be innocently ignorant of that which the Catholic Church teaches, but upon points on which Christians differ "a man may innocently be ignorant" (365). This gives a wonderfully wide license in such matters. He distinguishes ignorance as being invincible, probable (368), and vincible (372), and dwells at length upon the effect of infancy, in relation to which he makes a characteristic remark. We cannot tell exactly when children become responsible for their sins. Probably they are not punished so severely as men. "When God does not impute their follies to damnation, it may be he will impute them so far as to cause a sickness or an immature and hasty death" (377). One Anastasius Sinaita appears to have been better informed. He says, according to Taylor, "Sometimes God imputes sins to boys from twelve years old and upwards." He does not mention girls.

From the case of ignorance Taylor passes to that of fear and violence, and their effects upon contracts and other actions, as to which he says very little, at considerable length (389-398). The most characteristic of his doctrines is that a promise to a thief or bandit should be kept, "because, he being an outlaw and rebel against all civil laws, and in a state of war, whatever you promise to him you are to understand according to that law under which then you are, which is the law of nature and force together."

The rest of the fourth part of the book consists of an inquiry (398-414) into the final cause of human actions, the *summum bonum* or ideal by which all human conduct ought to be regulated, which, he says, is the glory of God. It is not, however, unlawful to add to this master motive "temporal regards for ends of profit, pleasure, or honour," though they must be kept in the second place. However, the love of God itself is not absolutely disinterested. "There was no love of God ever so abstracted by any command or expressed intention of God as to lay aside all intuition of that reward" (411). This is a good instance of the spiritual and intellectual seesaw between various points of view which is one of Taylor's great characteristics.

Upon this part of the work we may observe in general that it is obscured and falsified throughout by a complete absence of true philosophy or real knowledge of the constitution of man, and that it is in fact nothing more or less than an elaborate attempt to apply legal conceptions to a subject-matter to which they have a very distant relation. Under Taylor's circumstances, this was inevitable. The problem continually before him is, under what conditions will God punish men for sins of thought or act? and his constant tacit assumption is, that God will follow, at all events to a great extent, the principles of the civil law. Nothing is more remarkable than the almost idolatrous admiration with which the leading writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries regarded law, or than the manner in which they overlooked the defects inherent in all law, especially the great leading defect, that it involves the necessity of deciding for practical purposes what are in reality indeterminate and indeterminate problems. This is closely connected with the notion of innate ideas which Taylor held so strongly, and which was universal in his time. If you believe that a maxim like "Contracts must be kept" is a first truth by which particular cases may be decided, you run of course into argumentations like the one quoted above about the robber. It is not till you have learnt that the general rule is only a

summary mode of expression, generalized from a number of particular cases, that you can see that it throws no light upon cases which were not taken into account when it was formed, and that their solution must depend upon different principles.

Such is Taylor's view of the questions which lie at the root of ethics. We now pass to the body of his system. The First Book (xi. 369; xii. 190) is entitled *Of Conscience, the Kinds of it, and the General Rules of conducting them*. It treats successively of the rule of conscience in general (x. 369-427), of the right or sure conscience (xi. 427-511), the confident or erroneous conscience (xii. 1-31), the probable or thinking conscience (xii. 31-118), the doubtful conscience (xii. 118-172), and the scrupulous conscience (xii. 172-190). It is a most tedious inquiry, eloquent in the wrong places, abounding in distinctions which are of no real use, and above all, founded on no clear perception of the difficulties or nature of the questions to be discussed.

We have already referred to the definition of conscience, to the way in which it is personified, and to the different senses in which the word is used; but the observation may be extended to other faculties. Man, in Taylor's philosophy, is a being full of little men, named Will, Conscience, Reason, &c., each of whom has his own peculiar province and powers. It is obvious that any quantity of ingenuity can be displayed in settling the precedence between imaginary persons by the rules of the civil law, and in illustrating it by cases handled by casuists. Simplifying the matter as far as possible, and translating Taylor into modern language, the substance of what he says appears to be as follows:—As to conscience in general, it is a fact that men judge of the moral character of their own and other people's actions, and have in their own minds rules by which they form those judgments. These rules are, in some sense or other, the voice of God to the soul, even when they are wrong. If the judgments founded on them correspond with "the law of God or God's will signified to us by nature or revelation" (381), and known by various names, such as "the law of nature, the consent of nations, right reason, the Decalogue, the Sermon of Christ, the canons of the apostles, the laws, ecclesiastical and civil, of princes and governors," they are right. If not, they are wrong. In any event they regulate our conduct and influence our feelings, and so impose the powerful sanction of self-approval or self-condemnation upon every action of our lives.

These judgments form a "right and true conscience" when they are right, and are known to be so; and they may be known to be right by reason, the operation of which is by three steps (439 *seq.*). In the first place, we have "first notices" of things abstract, of principles, and the *primo intelligibilia*. Next, we have "discourse," that is, such consequents and emanations which the understanding draws from her first principles." Lastly, we have faith, which is the assent of the understanding to evidence. In a word, conscience is our opinion of our own conduct, which is to be regulated by reason from which faith is derived. This is pure rationalism, but Taylor (*more suo*) narrows it by saying that, as geometrical propositions are not proved by moral philosophy, so revelation is not proved by a natural argument, but by "principles proper to the inquisition." What those principles are, or where or how they are to be got, he does not say. This rationalism with stones in its shoes (442-449), weak for purposes of affirmation, strong for purposes of denial, is pre-eminently characteristic of Taylor, but he contrives, by a series of devices and more or less adroit beggings of the question, to assign their usual provinces to faith and reason on grounds about as plausible as usual. Reason, however, gets a considerably larger share than is allowed to it by many writers.

A great deal of curious disputation follows as to the effect of knowing that a given thing is right. Two of the most characteristic arguments may be shortly referred to:—First, May you promote a true opinion by bad reasons? Is it lawful "for a good end for preachers to affright men with panic terrors, and to create fears that have no ground; as to tell them if they be liars their faces will be deformed?" &c. (489). Answer—"A preacher or governor may affright those that are under him, and deter them from sin, by threatening them with anything that may probably happen." For instance, he may tell sacrilegious people that it is probable they will die childless, or "be afflicted with the gout," or "have an ambulatory life," &c.; but he must not threaten a judgment which implies a miracle, as, for instance, that if a sinner in England profanes the sacrament, "a tiger shall meet him in the churchyard and tear him." Moreover, he must not be "too decretory and determinate," and must only threaten and not prophesy, "lest the whole dispensation become contemptible." Secondly, How are you to act if you know the truth in one capacity and not in another? A judge knows a man to be innocent who, nevertheless, is proved to be guilty according to the rules of law. How is the judge to act? Taylor, in opposition as he says to the schoolmen, holds that he must acquit. He confines (499, &c.) this, however, to cases of life and death. In matters of property (510) a judge may give an unjust sentence if the proof required by the law is produced, though again his knowledge that it is unjust may justify him in favouring the right side "in all the ways that are permitted him." It is worth observing that throughout the whole of this discussion the judge whom Taylor has before him is an abstract judge, bound by abstract rules of evidence more or less like those of the civil law. He does not perceive that the question cannot even be properly stated till you know specifically the nature of the pro-

cedure of which you are speaking, and the part assigned by it to the person vaguely called a judge.

The erroneous conscience is treated of next after the right conscience. No chapter in the book shows so well as this the mischief of regarding conscience as a separate thing. The erroneous conscience binds, we are told, because it "always has the same commission, as being the same faculty" (113). Throughout the chapter Taylor recognises three parties to the morality of an action—God, the conscience, and the man, who is bound to obey both God and his conscience. This, of course, produces inextricable confusion. The following passages will illustrate this:—

Conscience is God's creature, bound to its lord and maker by all the rights of duty and perfect subordination, and therefore cannot prejudice the right and power of its lord; and no wise man obeys the orders of a magistrate against the express law of his king, or the orders of a captain against the command of a general; and therefore neither of conscience, which is God's messenger, against the purpose of the message with which God has intrusted it (xii. 7, 8). . . . The sum is this. God is supreme, and conscience is his vicegerent and subordinate. Now it is certain that the law of an inferior cannot bind against the command of a superior when it is known. But when the superior communicates the notices of his will by that inferior and not otherwise, the subject is to obey that inferior, and in so doing he obeys both. But the vicegerent is to answer for the misinformation, and the conscience for its error, according to the degree of its being culpable.

All such questions become simple enough if we remember that a man and his conscience are one, and not two, and that the case of an erroneous conscience is only another name for a *bona fide* error of judgment. In what cases it is expedient to accept *bona fide* error of judgment as an excuse for crime or moral wrong is an intelligible question. How much God and man will condemn a man for being mistaken, still more how much either or both ought to condemn him, and what "ought" means in such a connexion, are perfectly insoluble questions, which, however, Taylor seems to have been feeling after with a view to a solution.

The "probable or thinking conscience" is next discussed. It means the case of a man who has to act upon probabilities. The most remarkable part of Taylor's treatment of it is the illustration which he gives of moral certainty. It is given in the shape of a statement of the historical evidences of Christianity, not altogether unlike the one which is inserted in the second part of Butler's *Analogy* (xii. 39-67). It is rhetorical and weak, giving the impression that Taylor had never met with any serious argument on the other side, and that he accordingly wrote off his own statement *currente calamo*. It contains at least one express contradiction within four pages. He says—

What the histories of that age reported as a public affair, as one of the most eminent transactions of the world . . . that which was not done in a corner, but was thirty-three years and more in acting . . . is so certain that it was that the defenders of it need not account it a favour to have it presupposed (39, 40).

A little after, he says (43) "This blessed Person . . . was yet pleased for thirty years together to live an humble . . . a pious, and an obscure life." How then can the events of his life have been a "public affair" . . . "thirty-three years and more in acting"? It is worth notice that Taylor throughout regards the miracles as proofs of the divinity of Christ. It does not appear to occur to him that the truth of the miracles is the very issue to be proved. Few things would be more curious than to trace the gradual change of tone and topic which may be observed in the great evidential writers from Grotius through Taylor and Baxter to Butler, Lardner, and Paley, and so to the writers of our own day upon the same subject.

The rest of the discussion about the probable conscience (xii. 67-90) is a cumbrous and intricate way of saying that, in the absence of certainty, probability should be followed, and that, where there are opposite probabilities, we must look to the specific consequences of the action, which may be of such a nature that it is wise to act upon a very slender probability. The last part of this proposition is illustrated by an odd case. A man's wife is "surprised by a Turk's man of war," and said to have been killed. "When the sorrow for this accident had boiled down," the husband marries "a maid of Brescia." After some years the second wife hears that the first wife is alive at Malta, but before her husband hears of it she hears again that the woman at Malta has died. "The question now arises whether . . . it be required that the persons already engaged should contract anew. That a new contract is necessary is universally believed, and is almost certain, for the contrary opinion is affirmed by very few, and relies upon but trifling motives." The woman, therefore, ought to get her husband to marry her again. "But now the difficulty arises, for her husband is a vicious man, and hates her, . . . and wishes her dead," and so is sure not to consent. In this case, says Taylor, "it is lawful for her to follow that little probability of opinion, which says that the consent of one is sufficient for the renovation of the contract." This appears to us a dishonest evasion of a superfluous technical difficulty. A person must be unwise who felt any hesitation, under the circumstances, about the moral innocence of continuing to cohabit; but if she did, it would clearly be her duty to act upon what was probably the right opinion. To act upon a slight probability because you have no better guide may be wise in certain cases, but to act upon a slight probability in opposition to a greater probability, because the slight probability is on the side of one's inclinations, is only a dishonest way of taking your inclinations as the guide of your conduct. It is characteristic of Taylor's disingenuity to miss this distinction.

The doubtful conscience (xii. 118) is next considered. It differs

from the probable conscience, as far as we can understand, only in being rather more doubtful. Taylor's inquiry into it is divided into eight rules, such as "a negative doubt binds only to caution and observance." "A privative doubt cannot of itself hinder a man from acting what he is moved to by an extrinsic argument or inducement that is in itself prudent or innocent." What "negative" and "privative" doubts are is not explained. There are other rules of a very technical and needlessly cumbrous kind. The only one which possesses much real interest is the last (140). "When two precepts contrary to each other meet together about the same question, that is to be preferred which binds most." This relates to such questions as whether a man may be advised to commit a less offence in order to keep him from committing a greater—to pick a pocket instead of committing robbery with violence. Under certain conditions Taylor thinks he may, and upon this question takes occasion to examine at length the question about doing evil that good may come. It is a most remarkable and audacious passage, and deserves notice, both as an illustration of the occasional vigour of Taylor's rationalism, and as a specimen of the manner in which the most vigorous and audacious speculations might be reconciled with strict orthodoxy as formerly understood:—

There can be no dispute [says Taylor] that it is highly unlawful to do evil for a good end. St. Paul's words are decretory and passionate in the thing (xii. 158). . . . However, though this be clear and certain, yet I doubt not but all the world does evil that good may come of it, and though all men are of St. Paul's opinion, yet all men do not blame themselves when they do against it. . . . First, if we look in Scripture, we shall find that divines eminently holy have served God by strange violences of fact (159).

He refers to David, Elijah, Jehu, and others. In government

all princes knowingly procure their rights by wrong. . . . We make children vain glorious that they may love noble things (160). . . . Prescription doth transfer right, and confirms the putative and presumed in defiance of the legal and proper (161). . . . All princes think themselves excused if, by inferring a war, they go to lessen their growing neighbours (161). . . . Who will not tell a harmless lie to save the life of his friend (162)? . . . When the judges are corrupt, we think it fit to give them bribes to make them do justice (162).

The most remarkable illustration of all, however, is given in these striking words:—

The rules of war and the measures of public interest are not to be estimated by private measures, and therefore, because this is unlawful in private intercourse, it must not be concluded to be evil in the public. For human affairs are so intricate and entangled, our rules so imperfect, so many necessities supervene, and our power is so limited, and our knowledge so little, and our provisions so short-sighted, that those things which are, in private, evils, may be public goods (163).

The line of thought thus vigorously taken leads obviously enough straight towards the great question of morals—What, after all, is the real meaning of good and evil? It was not in Taylor's nature to face and work out to the bottom such a problem as this. He contents himself with a cloud of distinctions about "evils in morality" (164) and "evils in nature" (165), "evils properly and naturally," evils "by accident," "by our own fault," "by the faults of others," the "material part," the "formality of action" (168), and the like, and ends thus:—"The sum is this—whatsoever is forbidden by the law under which we stand, and, being weighed by its own measures, is found evil, that is in a matter certainly forbidden, not from any outer and accidental reason, but for its natural or essential contrariety to reason and the law of God, that may not be done or procured for any end whatsoever; but what is evil in some circumstances may be good in others, and what is condemned for a bad effect by a good one may be hallowed." All this is a mere fog of words until we assign a definite meaning to the word "evil," and hardly any passage in the whole book will better exemplify either the nature or the incurable weakness of Taylor's method.

The last variety of conscience which Taylor considers is the scrupulous conscience. The whole may be summed up in a very pretty simile, which is a good illustration of Taylor's wit, and with which we will conclude this article:—

A scrupulous conscience . . . is like a woman handling of a frog or a chicken, which all their friends tell them can do them no hurt, and they are convinced in reason that they cannot, they believe it and know it, and yet when they take the little creature into their hands they shriek, and sometimes hold fast, and find their fears confuted, and sometimes they let go, and find their reason useless (177).

On a future occasion we hope to give an account of the two remaining books, which discuss the whole question of different kinds of laws and their authority.

NICHOLAS'S PEDIGREE OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.*

ANOTHER volume to prove that Englishmen are Welshmen, but this time happily without any further attempt to prove that Welshmen are either Jews or Greeks. Mr. Nicholas is a manifest Welshman himself, and he of course assumes, even in his title-page, that Welshmen are necessarily the "aborigines" of our island. There is something remarkable in the appearance, one after another, of so many books on the subject, and all of them taking the wrong and unscholarlike view of it. We cannot help connecting the fact with something of which we have heard in a

hazy kind of way about a prize for an essay on the Origin of the English People, offered, we believe, by some Eisteddfod or other. If we have got up our story right, the whole thing fell to the ground between two stools. On the one hand, the prize was offered by an Eisteddfod; therefore no real scholar wrote for it. On the other hand, the founders had appointed really competent judges in the persons of Lord Strangford and Archdeacon Jones. With them of course mere Eisteddfodic talk was not likely to pass muster, so nobody got the prize at all. We rather think that the process was spread over two years, and that two successive sets of aspirants were doomed to disappointment. At any rate we cannot help suspecting that several volumes which have come before us lately are given to the world by way of appeal to the public from judges who unluckily knew too much. We may be wrong, but it looks very like it. We see no other way of accounting for this remarkable abundance of groans of the Britons at this particular time. We have had Mr. Pike, and we now have Mr. Nicholas, and we had our anonymous friend at Brighton, who did us the honour to be so very savage with ourselves. Nor do we at all suppose that we have seen the last of them. British robbers lingered in East-Anglia as late as the days of Cnut, and we expect to have to fight many another fight for our Nether-Dutchmanship before we have done.

As yet the two principal champions are Mr. Pike and Mr. Nicholas. There is one point on which we can congratulate them both. We believe them to be utterly wrong, but we have no doubt that we could at least make common cause with them against Mr. Keane and the Cuthites. Even the Helio-Arkites do not quite rival the Cuthites, and both Mr. Pike and Mr. Nicholas are many degrees removed from the Helio-Arkites. Both have, in a kind of way, a fair knowledge of the sources for their subject; Mr. Nicholas we think more thoroughly than Mr. Pike. Neither of them is a sound philologist; neither of them shows any real critical power. But Mr. Pike shows much more ingenuity, and a much nearer approach to argument, than Mr. Nicholas. The fact of Mr. Nicholas being a Welshman, which Mr. Pike seemingly is not, cuts two ways. It keeps him safe from Mr. Pike's special vagary about Greeks. On the other hand, Mr. Pike at least tries to treat his subject in something like a scholarlike way. But Mr. Nicholas's national feelings make him far more vehement than Mr. Pike. A great part of Mr. Nicholas's book is taken up with mere impassioned exclamations, and with denunciations of imaginary enemies. The rest consists mainly of elaborate goings about to prove facts which no one ever doubted, but which do not go one inch towards proving the inferences which Mr. Nicholas draws from them.

First of all, let us once again say what the real question is between ourselves and the champions of "our British Ancestors." Let it never be forgotten that it is, after all, only a question of less or more. No nation has a "pedigree" in the sense which lawyers and genealogists attach to the word "pedigree." No nation is of absolutely pure blood, as no language is absolutely free from the admixture of foreign words. We have not the least doubt that we had some British Ancestors. But then we have just as little doubt that those British Ancestors had themselves some ancestors who were not British, possibly some ancestors who were not Aryan at all. Every nation, we repeat, is mixed, though doubtless some nations are more mixed than others. No conquerors ever yet brought about the absolute literal extermination of any people above the rank of savages. We do not doubt that, at the time of the English Conquest, many of the conquerors took Welsh wives or concubines. We do not doubt that here and there, even in Kent or Norfolk, an exceptionally lucky Welshman contrived to weather the storm. But then we have just as little doubt that all this happened just in the same way when the forefathers of the Cymry entered the island in some unrecorded age. In both cases a foreign element must have been introduced from among the conquered. So again, in each case, a foreign element was at a later time introduced by fresh conquerors. The Briton was conquered by the Roman, the Englishman was conquered by the Norman. In neither case does any one pretend that there was any extermination of the conquered, and there must have been a large infusion of the blood of the conquerors. All that we say is that in neither case has the infusion from the side either of conquerors or conquered been enough seriously to modify the national being. As a matter of scientific precision, the Englishman is not a pure Englishman, but then neither is the Welshman a pure Welshman. For all practical and historical purposes, the Welshman is a Welshman, and also the Englishman is an Englishman. One nation is probably about as pure as the other. Nations purer than either may probably be found in parts of the world where men have moved but little and have had but little to do with other people. Probably each is as pure as any other nation that has gone through the successive migrations and revolutions which have affected Europe during the last two thousand years.

This is our view; we may be mistaken, but we do not wish to be misunderstood. We believe that the slaughter and expulsion of the British inhabitants of those parts of Britain which were conquered up to the end of the sixth century was so great that it may fairly be called extermination. We do not believe that it was an extermination in the same literal sense in which a later generation of Englishmen has exterminated the savages of Tasmania. We shall be glad to change the word extermination, a long Latin word, for a shorter and more English word, if we can find one

* *The Pedigree of the English People: an Argument, Historical and Scientific, on English Ethnology, showing the Progress of Race-Amalgamation in Britain from the Earliest Times, with special reference to the Incorporation of the Celtic Aborigines.* By Thomas Nicholas, M.A., Ph.D., F.G.S., &c. Second Edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

that will do. All that we mean is that, though there was some Celtic infusion, both into our blood and into our language, that infusion was not large enough seriously to affect the historical personality of the English nation.

Mr. Nicholas seems to us to be, through a great part of his book, fighting with a shadow. Every three or four pages he stops to declaim against "School Histories," by which the English youth are taught—in plain words that they are English and not Welsh. We had always thought that it was we, and not Mr. Nicholas, who had to complain of the "School Histories." Perhaps Mr. Nicholas knows more of the School Histories than we do, but most certainly people in general have got, either from the School Histories or from some other quarter, notions which come far nearer to Mr. Nicholas's notions than to ours. Do we not spend our lives in trying to convince a stiff-necked generation that Englishmen existed before 1066, and the "Saxons" were not some strange folk quite different from ourselves? We had always thought that the mass of people in this island felt a patriotic glow when they looked at the picture of the true Britons resisting the landing of Cæsar, that they had a deep sympathy with King Arthur and very little sympathy with Hengest or Cerdic. But Mr. Nicholas's complaints make us look up. Very likely things are not so bad as we thought. Mr. Nicholas is greatly indignant on the ground that most people think pretty much as we do. We certainly had not found out the fact for ourselves, but we shall be delighted to believe it on Mr. Nicholas's authority.

We are a good deal amused at the argument on which he seems to rely most triumphantly. This is no other than that certain shires of Wessex were known as the *Wealh-cyn*, that Welshmen lived as West-Saxon subjects, and had their place in the scale of society guaranteed to them by West-Saxon law. We really can only say, "Quis dubitavit?" No one has taken more pains in setting forth this fact than Mr. Freeman, whom we suppose Mr. Nicholas would look on as a pretty strong champion of extermination. We have ourselves set forth the fact more than once in our own columns, and we have compared the Welsh part of England with the Wendish part of Germany. We have pointed to Devonshire and Mecklenburg as both being examples of a country not strictly Teutonic but only Teutonized. And now Mr. Nicholas trots out the *Wealh-cyn*, as if it were a great discovery which would prove us all to be Welshmen on the spot. Does not Mr. Nicholas see that, if three or four shires of England were known distinctly as the Welsh country, it is the strongest of all arguments to show that England in general was not a Welsh country? We think that Mr. Nicholas does not mention the fact, seemingly so much more to his purpose, of the British robbers in East-Anglia so late as the days of Cnut. But even this really tells against him. We do not know whether a few Britons had, through all those ages, maintained their independence in the fens, or whether they were runaway slaves, in fact *maroons*. But in any case they were people who stood apart, as Britons, from the Angles and Danes of the country; they are so far an evidence that the East-Angles were East-Angles and not Welshmen.

Mr. Nicholas is a man of large faith; he believes in the Triads; he believes in Ingulf; he even believes in Richard of Cirencester "De Situ Britannie." He has views about the Cymry and their migrations, and he ventures to pronounce the sure etymology of the name given by Zeus to be "very fanciful and misleading." This is, to say the least, bold. All philologists accept Zeus's explanation of the name Cymry as meaning "natives," "inhabitants of the land," the name being evidently taken up in opposition to the English invaders. But Mr. Nicholas is not a philologist, as he proves divers times. We will say that he tries to be one, but he does not succeed. He is bold enough to tell his Welsh friends that their language, as now spoken, is far from pure, and that many words have got into it from Latin and English. But his list of such words is a misleading jumble of words of very different kinds and dates. Some strike us as cognate, and not derived at all. And of those that are derived, many have been derived at all manner of different times. *Efôs*, a ditch, is most likely from *fossa*. But it is ridiculous to put a word like this, as old doubtless as the Roman occupation, alongside with some modern Welshman's awkward attempt to say "impossible," which seems to have produced the odd-looking and odd-sounding word "ammhosibel." One might as well put "street" and "interpellation" together as alike instances of a Latin element in English. Mr. Nicholas is, however, not wholly without attempts at a higher style of philology. He gives us a list of "Cymric words sometimes derived from Latin, &c., but which seem to proceed from Aryan etymons," &c. &c. One is *gwen* or *gwyn*, "white, fair, beautiful," from which he tells us that the English *Cwén*, *Queen*, *Quean*, is "clearly borrowed." "The primitive sense of white is lost" in the English. We need hardly tell anybody that *Cwén*, and the Danish cognate *Kona*, are cognates with the Greek *γυνή*. On the other hand, how on earth can the Greek *καλόν* have anything to do with the English *Wool*? Or what has the Latin *liber* to do with the Teutonic root which comes out in *lore*, *learn*, and cognate words? Does not Mr. Nicholas know what *liber* and *book* originally meant, and how very secondary is the use which connects either of them with learning? Mr. Nicholas however is capable of improvement, which is something. In p. 375 "*dagr*, a tear," was a word "borrowed from the Greek" *δάκρυον*. In p. 584 it has become an "Aryan etymon," coupled with its Teutonic, though not with its Latin, cognates.

When a man expects us to listen to his speculations, it is as well to see what he is like among plain facts. In p. 98

Mr. Nicholas goes off into a wonderful rhapsody about Cæsar. Amongst other things, "he succeeds, wins his way to the Dictatorship, obtains the great victory of Pharsalia, struggles up the steps of power till he is created Pontifex Maximus." Then he is killed, and Mr. Nicholas declaims over his body. Mr. Nicholas seemingly thinks that Cæsar became Pontifex Maximus after the great victory of Pharsalia. Twice does he repeat (pp. 118, 286) the old fable that the name of England was introduced by a "statute" of Egberht, which seems to have been very slow in taking effect. He tells us in p. 131, that when William visited England in 1051, "Normans commanded the fleet at Dover, Norman soldiers commanded the forts at Canterbury, Norman Captains and Bishops came to salute him." The last assertion of the three is likely enough, but we find nothing like it in "Roger de Hoveden's *Annales*," to which Mr. Nicholas sends us. In the next page, "Many battles were fought between the two brothers"—Harold and Tostig. In p. 241 Fethanleah is still "a place identified by some with Frethern;" and in p. 364 Mr. Nicholas asks "Why should there be a shore called *Litus Saxonicum* at all in Britain except as the result of Saxon descent and Saxon settlement?" These two last are almost enough to show that Mr. Nicholas, like most of his class, has not gone to school to Dr. Guest. But we cannot help asking, where Mr. Nicholas tells us that the Scandinavian settlers in Gaul "converted Neustria into *Norman-die*," which he takes to be the exact force of the *die*. We are also anxious to know something about "Riwallon de Gael, Lord of Norfolk (p. 322)." The person whom we conceive that he means we have always called Ralph, and the Chronicle says that he was an Englishman.

Mr. Nicholas has of course a good deal to tell us about our heads and our hair, points which, after all these ages, we do not admit as proving much. Perhaps we are Welshmen after all, but we do not think the fact of dark hair being common in England proves it. There were the same sort of differences in these matters eight or nine hundred years back that there are now. One man was the Black and the other man was the White. Nor will it do to say that the Black man was necessarily a Welshman, or more of a Welshman than the White man. If anybody ought to be blue and yellow and white, it was one who bore the Scandinavian name of Swend. Yet Domesday helps us to a Swend the Swart, and we are far, on the other hand, from being convinced that all Britons were necessarily dark-haired. Still Mr. Nicholas may be right after all; but we should be more likely to be convinced by his arguments if he would abstain from gross blundering about the campaigns of Tostig and from apostrophes over the dead body of Cæsar.

FOUL PLAY.*

SOME of our readers are probably acquainted with fragments of this novel already. They have taken it up at intervals, attracted perhaps by a startling picture of sailors with haggard eyes and gleaming knives. They have read the exciting chapter explanatory of the woodcut, which ends—

The knife descended.

But not upon that cowering figure.

And perhaps their curiosity may have led them to follow the strange scenes after *Robinson Crusoe*, to which this thrilling passage is a fitting prelude. Those who have gone so far will absolve us from the task of criticism; their only curiosity will be to know how a book constructed of such fragments can be put together as a whole. To which we can only reply that the defects come out, as might be expected, more strongly in the whole than in the detached bits. When you have a week to speculate upon the direction which the knife will take, the suspense may be pleasing; when you have only to turn a page to solve the riddle, the childishness of the expedient becomes unpleasantly obvious. We feel the absurdity of two authors of undeniable power elaborately constructing these little mines to spring upon the reader at the end of every other chapter. Every now and then there is some forcible writing to remind us of Mr. Charles Reade's happier efforts, but a plot which goes off in a series of little explosions, like an ill-regulated display of fireworks, may make us laugh, but spoils any serious effect. To such of our readers as have not yet studied this strange production, what we have said will indicate the general nature of the book. If they have a preference for serious art, for careful representations of life and character, for delicate humour, or even for a well-constructed plot, they will hardly care to read through it; at least their taste will be offended much more frequently than it will be gratified. If, on the other hand, they like a novel which is apparently written in a constant flow of boisterous spirits, in which the authors first try to execute a bit of genuine work and then indulge in extravagant parody of themselves, they may be recommended to *Foul Play*. We can promise them a good many hearty laughs, though we never quite know whether the absurd effect is intentional or accidental. And perhaps, after all, they would get the same amount of amusement given more frankly from the ingenious novel of *Chickin Hazard*, as published in the pages of *Punch*. The only objection to that performance is that it is an attempt to burlesque what is sufficiently burlesque in itself; and perhaps humour is better appre-

* *Foul Play*. By Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault. London: Bradbury, Evans, & Co. 1868.

ciated when, as in the original, it is given with a comparatively grave face.

Without affecting to take so eccentric a performance too seriously, we may make a few remarks upon the execution. Of the two parts into which *Foul Play* is divided, we very much prefer that which is devoted to the desert island. The adventures which occur to the lady and her lover are of course ludicrous enough if we try to read them twice. But the very essence of such a story is that it is only meant to be read once. If we begin to reason and to calculate, we are lost; we must follow the clue which the authors give us, and take for granted that the startling incidents which happen on our way are really natural under the circumstances. If we venture to pick the story to pieces—to ask why this and that and the other thing did not happen, which we might have expected on a cool examination—we are soon disgusted. The adventures are not contrived so as to satisfy our reason, but so as to amuse us for the time; and we should be far too exacting if we insisted upon the fulfilment of two conditions so hard to reconcile. Thus, for example, the great object of a lady and gentleman landed together upon a desert island is naturally to get out of it again. The original hero of all such stories—Robinson Crusoe himself—set to work to accomplish his escape in the way which, we may venture to say, any reasonable being would have adopted. He began laboriously to make a canoe, although when the time came for using it he found unexpected difficulties. Mr. Robert Penfold and Miss Rolleston were so far better off than Crusoe that they had a boat ready made to their hands, and that their island supplied them with everything they wanted at a moment's notice. They had only to ask for oil or pitch or ink or soap or food or clothes, and the required articles turned up. It is obvious that under these circumstances they would have collected provisions, and set to work preparing for a voyage. Indeed, when Mr. Penfold is left alone on the island—a circumstance, by the way, which the authors find the greatest difficulty in justifying—this is what he immediately does. He of course discovers that the island grows corks, which have only to be fitted round the boat to make it safe in any weather, and straightway he sails comfortably away. Instead of this, as long as the lady is with him, he goes on meditating profoundly on the tremendous problem, how “to diffuse intelligence from a fixed island over a hundred leagues of ocean.” Of course he finds paper and pens and ink, and migratory ducks to carry his message, and of course the ducks carry it straight to an American ship. We willingly admit that this is an ingenious solution of the problem, and as Messrs. Reade and Boucicault were fully equal to supplying him with migratory ducks, it was the best thing he could do under the circumstances. But if we imagine a castaway couple without two skilled dramatic authors at their service, we should guess that the simple plan of sailing away in a boat would be the first thing that would occur to them. The principle upon which the success of this artifice depends is a very simple one. If a writer states an apparently difficult problem, and then gives a neat solution of it, few readers care to inquire further; they do not observe that the man who makes the labyrinth finds it very easy to make the clue, and they take for granted that the way by which escape is effected is the only way possible. This, for example, is the secret of Edgar Poe's clever stories of detective sagacity; he manufactures first the evidence required, and, by working backwards, contrives a chain of events which looks very ingenious to those who follow it out from the other end. We have no objection to this little device of the ducks, but it illustrates the difference between clever trickery and genuine work. When Robinson Crusoe makes a canoe so big that he can't shove it into the water, we thoroughly sympathize with a blunder which we instinctively feel to be exactly what might occur under the circumstances. When Mr. Penfold catches his ducks, we may be amused, but we have a tacit conviction that, after all, he is only the puppet of a very clever showman. Defoe satisfies us by the intensity with which his imagination grasps the facts, and lets us look at them from every side. Our ingenious literary firm considers every situation as affording a chance for some startling stage-trick, and trusts to us not to come too close, or examine the machinery by which it is worked. We may accept the results if we choose, but it is on condition of recognising the flimsy nature of the whole construction. The same glorious indifference to any considerations of probability is illustrated by nearly every incident on the island; and we are quite content to laugh without criticizing too closely. Some of these incidents, indeed, show great carelessness of construction, and some injure the sentiment of the story. Thus, when Miss Rolleston is trusted to light the beacon in order to attract the ship sent to the rescue, she omits to do it. Of course, we have a startling situation to wind up a chapter, and Miss Rolleston has one of several occasions for “blushing through her whole body.” But the scene is obtained at the sacrifice of all truth of sentiment. Of course Mr. Reade would snub the presumptuous critic who ventured to question his infallible knowledge of feminine nature. Still we must remark that, as Miss Rolleston is represented as possessing marvellous strength of mind as well as body, she ought not to leave herself alone with her lover on the desert island merely because she thinks it will be awkward to go home in the ship with him and another lover. The strength of character is damaged merely to obtain one telling situation, and in a more serious book the mistake would be annoying.

As a trifling instance of the blundering which annoys us, we may mention the care with which we are assured that the life of the castaways depends upon nine lucifer-matches which Mr. Penfold carries wrapped up in a piece of oilskin. We are prepared for some terrible consequences of the want of fire; but nothing whatever comes of it, and we can only suppose that the authors have forgotten all about it. This fault is most striking in the other section of the story, in which indeed the construction seems to be very careless. We have scarcely patience to unravel all the watching and plotting of the detectives and the experts in handwriting, the diabolical manoeuvre of the wicked and the strange sagacity of the virtuous. No attempt is made to explain the necessity for all the roundabout and covert devices which are adopted to work out a simple problem; and the most amazing incident seems to be entirely thrown away. We are never told why Mr. Wylie puts two thousand pounds' worth of banknotes through a hole in the wall into the kitchen of the washerwoman he is to marry, and still less why he afterwards puts his hand after it so as to be caught in a trap. We must take the incident in the spirit in which it is given, and fancy that the sailor mistakes a lighted kitchen in which two people are talking for a mysterious cavern; but the whole performance seems to be a gratuitous experiment on our credulity. And, by the way, we may ask whether it is quite proper that a villain who has sacrificed many lives by scuttling a ship, to carry out an atrocious plan of robbery, should be rewarded by the hand of a virtuous washerwoman.

The question, however, reminds us that we are taking the whole affair too seriously. We are perhaps criticizing a rollicking piece of extravagant melodrama as if it were meant for a genuine work of art. If so, we apologize to the joint authors, and admit that though their novel will not bear minute inspection, it is very good fun in its way, and is written with plenty of spirit and energy. Nay, we may go further, and say that where they venture on more solid workmanship they are occasionally very happy. The death of the two rough sailors is really pathetic and affecting, and many of the characters are sketched with a good deal of force, though they are not much more than sketches. They remind us very strongly of some of our old friends in *Never Too Late to Mend* and *Hard Cash*, and make us regret that a writer of so much vigour should spend his talents on a story which at its ordinary level rises very little above sheer buffoonery.

A SAXON'S REMEDY FOR IRISH DISCONTENT.*

THIS book is less what it professes to be than a reminiscence of Irish experiences. It is partly an Irish tour, partly a sketch of Irish character, partly an account of a residence in Ireland, and only in a small degree a recipe for the cure of Irish discontent. The writer seems to be an Englishman domiciled in Ireland, and possessed of an Irish estate. He has evidently mixed much with the people of the country, whose sentiments he expresses and in some degree shares. There is nothing very profound, though there is much that is interesting, in his book. He has observed better than he theorizes, and his observation does not always tally with the recorded and verified experience of others. Probably, like many other Englishmen settled in Ireland, he has become an unconscious partisan, and taken up certain “views” through indignation at some local injustice or meanness, of which there are many examples, but to which there are also many exceptions, in Ireland. At the same time his own experience, and the opinions of the people by whom he is surrounded, were worth recording.

One of the advantages of a book of this sort is that it disabuses Englishmen of a very common misapprehension about Ireland. Most people think that the normal life of Ireland is a tissue of Fenian plots, varied by agrarian outrages and the assassination of landlords; whereas, in truth, Irish life is very much like ordinary English life, only a degree or two duller. Men buy and sell, only in smaller quantities than with us; they till, plant, sow, manure, and reap, only by a more exhaustive and slovenly process than we follow. Fenianism and agrarianism are as much abnormal excrescences there as they would be with us; and there are many counties in which the latter is wholly unknown, and in which the former has flourished only as an exotic, transplanted from America, and fostered by the care of Irish-American patriots. Our author shows clearly that the conspiracy was of American birth and growth; that it was conceived in America; and that its strength in Ireland was due to the exaggerated buncombe of the Irish-American soldiers, stevedores, cabmen, and servant girls, who filled their relations at home with awe of American greatness and hopes of American interference. In this respect he confirms Mr. Maguire's statements as to the Irish impression of the power and military capacity of the United States. Had it not been for this, there would have been but little Fenianism in Ireland. As it was, the feeling which gave rise to it was dread of being left out in the cold on the day the great American army landed, and Ireland was proclaimed a Republic in alliance with the United States. In connexion with this subject he mentions that the Head-Centre Stephens is by many supposed to have given valuable information to the Government; and, though he does not himself verify this assertion, he says that so many of the conspirators did give information to the Government that the belief in its truth is

* *A Saxon's Remedy for Irish Discontent.* London: Tinsley Brothers. 1868.

not uncommon. It is sad to contemplate the unhappy effects of a rising which was concocted by lies, supported by lies, and ended in smoke. Although it could not possibly succeed in its object, apprehensions of its success inflicted a real injury on the country:—

English visitors who were just beginning to explore Ireland rushed home in haste, and during the last two seasons have not repeated their visits, which was the more unfortunate because those interested in Ireland's prosperity had been forming companies and building hotels on the English system, which were barely completed when this panic took place. Gentlemen who had residences in the country sought refuge in the towns; and even now in the counties of Wicklow, Kildare, &c., many good houses are untenanted for the first time these thirty years. Many farmers cultivated their land with a view only to immediate profit; others got time, or gave bills for their rent, remarking among themselves that "May be in three months' time there might be another landlord"; indeed, it is commonly reported that many properties in Ireland have been disposed of by the Fenians on exceedingly reasonable terms. One thing was peculiarly characteristic of the Irish peasantry. Every man who has a cabin in Ireland makes a heap of manure somehow; leaves, bog-mould, ashes, soap-suds, &c., supplement animal productions in a way which would excite Mr. Mechi's admiration; his employer or some farmer or other will generally give him a bit of land on which to put this manure and grow a few potatoes; he will hardly ever sell it; but when the Fenian craze began, in many parts of the country these heaps of manure were offered for sale, the proprietors not feeling sure they would be able to dig the potatoes in case of civil war. In some districts those who had any money in the banks went and got it out and hid it. I know I was asked by many whether I thought the banks would be safe. Even farms which were vacant were not easily let except at a reduced rent, and in the Landed Estates Court there was a sensible reduction in the prices obtained.

There was at the same time a diminution of confidence between man and man: farmers and tradesmen did not like to speak ill of the Fenians, lest some one in company should belong to the Brotherhood and denounce the offender; on the other hand, not to condemn them was to run the chance of being reported to the police as a suspicious character.

As was to be expected, our author luxuriates in his description of Irish landlords. We have not space to quote his description of the various types. But it is worth reading. The following sketch of Lord Screw will be recognised as true in more counties than one:—

Lord Screw and all the family are Churchmen of the Irish-Protestant type—that is, they have a strong touch of the Puritan in their dislike of amusements and gaieties of all kinds; they look upon Roman Catholics, and especially upon priests, in a way few Englishmen can understand: I am neither exaggerating nor romancing when I say that they look upon every Catholic as a rebel at heart, and upon every priest as a fomentor of disloyalty and a secret indulger in numerous vices. I have heard these sentiments proclaimed over and over again, and when I first went to Ireland I was told I should soon find all this out for myself.

It follows as a matter of course that Lord Screw has no feeling whatever for his tenantry, or at least for such of them as are Catholics; with all men he is a close, hard bargainer, but when those beneath him are not of his way of thinking in religious matters, he views them as the Egyptians did the Israelites and the Spartans did the Helots: to him they are aliens in race, aliens in religion—he keeps them on the land as a means of producing money, grudging them anything more than a mere existence, and it seems to him that it would be more profitable to turn small farms into large ones, he will clear the tenantry off his estate with no more compunction than is felt by an Australian settler in slaughtering kangaroos; nay, sometimes contrary to his own interest he will unroof a whole village because he has a dispute with the priest about the parish school.

As I said before, do not think I exaggerate—this has been done. In another instance some scores of poor creatures were evicted because, not knowing English well, some of them had mistaken the directions of their landlord as to the place of meeting, not to pay rent, but to offer him respect.

Next to the Fenians I consider the Screws the most dangerous people in Ireland, because they are utterly impracticable, and as they hate so they are hated.

His summary of the general character of this class is too sweeping to command universal credence. That it is applicable in too many cases is likely enough; but the conditions of an Irish landlord's life are so different from those of an English landlord, and so curiously warped with all kinds of suspicions, obstructions, and evasions, that one cannot fairly judge of his conduct by our own English standards. Bearing this in mind, we may pronounce the following description to be overdrawn rather than wholly devoid of any foundation:—

With a few exceptions, the Irish landlords, as a class, have laid out less money in useful improvements, have been less patriotic in giving their time and risking their money in increasing the prosperity of communities with which they are intimately connected, than any public-spirited Englishman can conceive.

My lips are sealed about matters in which I have acted in a public capacity, and the great man of my native county almost emulated Daniel Dancer, and, I believe, expired in the act of counting his money; but in Ireland I have been perfectly aghast at the short-sighted illiberality displayed by wealthy landowners in dealing with works of public utility. I wish some of those members of the House of Lords who speak about the agricultural machinery and improved breeds of cattle and sheep they have introduced among their tenantry, would tell us what harbours they have rendered more secure, what watering-places they have established, what towns they have benefited by introducing gas-works or water-works, by building convenient cottages for the labouring classes, or by fostering manufactures. I wish they would tell us where the towns are in which they have built market-houses, or schools, or done anything calling for the expenditure of time and money.

Surely the writer does not mean to imply that the introduction of agricultural machinery and improved farming-stock does not confer a permanent benefit on the country equal to the construction of harbours and gas-works? If he does, his hypothesis is discreditable to his judgment, and detracts from the value of his opinion generally.

After the description which we have quoted of landlords, we

cannot forbear quoting one of a type of tenants who exist in Ireland, but are almost, if not quite, extinct in England:—

As a body, this class of gentleman farmers is very rich, for they spend nothing in comparison with their income. I have one in my mind's eye now, a corpulent little gentleman, highly connected, and who had had a good education. He was putting by thousands a year, but lived in a manner no second-class English tradesman would consent to do: he had a fine house, of which the doors, windows, &c., had not been painted for years. You could hardly tell the original colour of the paper on the walls; and the roof was in such bad condition that the rain frequently came through. Two or three dirty drabs of women servants were running about, and at them, the lady of the house, and the children, the master swore continually. He had several handsome old carriages, in which the numerous hens used to lay, but which were occasionally cleaned and brought out in order to honour the funerals of neighbouring country gentlemen; his favourite vehicle, however, was a jaunting-car, in which he drove an ungroomed horse at almost railway speed—for all his nags had the gift of going, and he occasionally got long prices for them.

During his drives to the neighbouring town he would often ask half a dozen gentlemen to dinner, and regale them on part of a sheep killed only an hour before, and a lump of hung beef, washed down by the best Cliequot and some of Rutherford's old Madeira. His farming was on a par with his housekeeping; the fences grew wild and encroached on the land, which was never half stocked, and his sheep were always straggling over the country and introducing the scab—from which his flocks were seldom entirely free—among his neighbours. But when he died, he left a hundred thousand pounds in personal property.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that a similar slovenliness in an inferior class has impressed English minds with the notion that a greater poverty exists among the Irish farmers than is really the case. And of such impression the latter have not been slow to take advantage, both in negotiating with their landlords or agitating against them.

Our quotations would be incomplete unless we also cited our author's opinion of the Irish clergyman and the Irish priest. He confirms the testimony of previous writers that the characters of both, and their relations to each other, are entirely changed within late years. Time was when the Irish Roman Catholic priest was a jolly good-humoured fellow, a boon companion ready with his jest and his story, welcome in hall and cottage of Protestant and Catholic. He was not over-strict in his exactions or his penances, and he compounded for his want of dignity and solemnity by his charity and benevolence. The Protestant clergyman, too, of a former day was regarded, and regarded himself, rather as a gentleman of liberal education planted in a district of comparative barbarians whose religious tenets it was not his business to criticize or assail. In the works of charity and the genial enjoyments of the table he was glad to associate himself with the Romish priest of his parish. Now all that is changed. When the "patent Christianity" of Clapham was first preached, its warmest abettors were Irishmen. The Protestant congregations, ashamed of the spiritual Gallios who cared not for the "idolatry" of Rome and the spread of the true faith, roused a spirit of propagandism among the Irish clergy. It was soon found that in Leinster Protestant congregations would listen to little else but denunciations of the errors of Rome:—

A loud-speaking preacher who declaims about the Scarlet Woman, and prophesies from signs of the times her speedy downfall from her ancient throne, and who demolishes all the doctrines of the Romish Church from which we dissent, is a far more popular man with his congregation than the individual who preaches charity and good will towards all men, particularly if the latter happens to allow painted memorial windows, or departs in any way from old Puritan customs. Then your Irish Protestant, besides being puritanical, considers himself as good as any one, and far better and greater than any Roman Catholic.

While this epidemic of zeal has seized the Protestant clergy, the Roman Catholic priests have not escaped the infection. The younger men of the body are not like the seniors. They are more strict, unbending, zealous, professional, and Ultramontane:—

The old-fashioned priests are menaced in two ways: a fresh, a younger, and more jesuitical class has arisen. They are liked by the poorer class of Irish, for some of them have private fortunes, and they give away much; they try to level distinctions of classes, and require absolute obedience from rich and poor alike. More than once they have opposed the candidates supported by the old style of priests, and in many ways have impressed people with the idea that they are cleverer, more devoted to religion, and more resolute to get all that the poorer classes want—or think that they want—than the old-fashioned sort. Farmers, you must recollect, want leases, low rents, and low wages, while labourers want increased pay; thus the two interests are by no means identical. Now, the new style of priest is emphatically the friend of the labourer, while an idea is abroad that the old priests hold more to farmers and tradesmen.

It is easy to see that such men may wield a great power over the masses of Irish Catholics; and it is perhaps quite as well that their authority over their flocks should be sometimes broken or diluted by American proclivities and Fenian aspirations.

The following passage shows how an Englishman may get on with the Roman Catholic priests; though perhaps it may be doubted whether his sons, settled in Ireland, and remaining Protestants, could long preserve the same neutral relation:—

As a rule, Englishmen of sense and education get on very well with the Catholic clergy; but such companionship is always resented by the Protestant Irish, who say we are not up to them, and warn us of all sorts of unexplained pitfalls. During thirteen years I have found them on my side in divers difficulties with tenants, &c., and any little civility or good service on my part has been returned fourfold; so if my old friends have been digging a pitfall for me all these years it must be a deep one by this time.

There is, as we have said, much more of cursory remark and reminiscence than of formal suggestion in this book. And of the remedies which the author proposes, the principal one is the general establishment of leases for thirty-one years, and a system of partnership and compensation between landlord and tenant. In our view, his plans are discredited by his doubts

and denials of everything which has been proved over and over again by the most formal and patient inquiry, such as that of the Devon Commission. He denies the propensity of the small Irish tenant to underlet, to cut up his farm into minute sections, and to do all those things which have been the bane of Irish leases, the dread of Irish landlords, and the plea for evictions for the last fifty years. We cannot accept his opinion against the whole string of evidence marshalled by so recent a writer as Lord Dufferin. If so much of that testimony did not prove the utter impossibility of making Irish tenants and Irish landlords observe mutual good faith, we should join with him in insisting on the general concession of the terms which he proposes. But our objection to this compulsory reform is that it cannot be introduced with any prospect of success until Irishmen in different grades of society have learned to speak with truth and act with honesty in all the negotiations of agricultural life. When Irish character is altered, or rather when Irishmen's mutual estimate of each other's character has been altered, then the facility both of introducing leases and of dispensing with them will have been much enhanced.

THE BIRDS OF BERKS AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.*

A HOPEFUL first fruit of the encouragement of collateral studies at Eton has recently come to the birth in Mr. A. Kennedy's praiseworthy volume. One's first impulse is to rub one's eyes, and wonder "can this be true?" Rugby, we know, has its Natural History Society, and we were aware that a Natural History Collection had been started at Eton by the late Provost; but that honours in this walk of science could be gathered by an Etonian under tutors and governors was a thing quite undreamed of till lately. No one supposes, for instance, that Sir G. C. Lewis gained that knowledge of zoology and natural history which his contributions to *Notes and Queries* evince till long after his Eton days were over. But thus the world advances, and supposing the *genius loci* to be duly consulted, and the *literæ humaniores* upheld for the sake of method and drill, we can conceive nothing so adapted to improve and soften English boyhood as the rational cultivation of a science which boys of old ignorantly worshipped in the barbarous fashion of bird-nesting. A kindly welcome is therefore the bare due of a young author who ventures into print at sixteen, and who, if his filling-in is now and then somewhat jejune, has manifested in these pages at least a creditable knowledge of method and arrangement. He has gone upon the plan suggested by the author of the *Zoologist*, and classified in five departments the residents, the summer, winter, spring and autumn, and rare and accidental visitors, of the counties he undertakes, rightly deeming that, if naturalists were forthcoming to do the same by other counties, the avi-launa of our isle might soon be faithfully registered. And indeed Mr. Kennedy has done his work so well that there is no provocation to despise his youth; but it requires, perhaps, to be borne in mind that his contribution seems to aim at being an authentic enumeration of orders, races, and families, and little beyond; or we might perhaps find fault with omissions, under the head of each species, of points of particular interest which no book of natural history ought to be without. It is odd to go through a book on birds in which a description of the plumage and size of each bird after its kind is the exception, and not the rule, and, what is more, the very rare exception. In such cases the best excuse for omission is to provide faithful portraits of each bird, as substitutes for technical and perhaps tedious data. And in four or five cases, in the book before us, this is done by means of well-coloured photographs. But—to come to minutiae—we cannot help thinking that a few more specialities of form, habits, and nature might with advantage have been added to the accounts of these winged denizens of Berks and Bucks, so as to render the work more sure of a place among manuals of ornithology, and not merely, as it will undoubtedly prove, a helpful list of local birds for some county historian. For instance, the author notes the cannibal propensities of the kestrel and the sparrow-hawk; but his brief notice of the marsh-harrier would have been completer had he commemorated the neck-ruff which assimilates it in some degree to the owl family, and its curious yearly changes of plumage. He distinguishes exactly between the sky-lark and the wood-lark, the latter being smaller and shorter of tail than the former, and having light brown streaks over the eyes and ear coverts (p. 29), but he omits mention of the sky-lark's fondness for the ground, to which it sticks, except when soaring, by day and by night, so much so indeed as to be often cut off by the mowers at hay-harvest. Again, while fully coinciding with his praise of that "much-abused" bird the rook, and while always deaf to the insidious query of the tenant who asks "What am I to do with them black crows?" we must say that candour dictates the admission of the real blot in them—namely, that, as their Latin name (*Corvus frugilegus*) imports, they eat grain, seeds, fruit, potatoes, besides acorns, walnuts, and fir-cones. As to walnuts, indeed, it is needless to poke for them beneath the trees that bore them, if you have a rookery nearer, and avail yourself of those the rooks drop. There are many similar omissions of peculiarities of particular birds in these pages—e.g. of the pugnacity of the robin; the land-rail's cleverness at "shamming dead"; the moor-hen's power of

submerging its body, and all beside its bill, under water for a length of time; the curious fact that the iridescence of the kingfisher's colours grows dim and dull in death; and the no less curious one, that the red-legged partridge, a variety introduced (as Mr. Kennedy mentions) to the Windsor neighbourhood by Charles II., has the effect, wherever naturalized, of banishing the indigenous partridge (see *Morris's British Birds*, iii. 374), much as the guinea-fowl when introduced in a wild state into game coverts banishes the pheasant. So too, while Mr. Kennedy quotes white blackbirds and pied blackbirds with much exactness as to capture and captor, he might have enlivened his page by an anecdote or two of that bird's powers of mimicry. They mock magpies and crows, the hen, the barn-door cock, even the nightingale; indeed they borrow, says Mr. Morris, all the best of their notes from the thrush. It is hard too to find only half a page about our friend the raven, of whose roguish tricks every one has a tale. His sole virtue is that he is a monogamist; the name of his vices, we fear, is legion. But we must do Mr. Kennedy the justice of extracting a good anecdote of his respecting a sort of cousin of the raven, the hooded or Royston crow, a winter visitor who vindicates the family talent:—

A friend was driving home one evening when he observed one of these crows feeding on a dead sheep by the roadside; he shot it, picked it up, and placed it carefully at the bottom of the carriage, apparently quite dead. He had not proceeded far when, on hearing a noise behind him, he looked round, and was surprised to see the bird sitting on the backrail of the vehicle; on stretching out his hand to recapture it, to his amazement the crow flew away. He watched it to some distance, and as it flew strongly and well, it appeared evident that the bird had been only shamming.

The coloured photograph of this old rogue accompanies the story. A few such anecdotes are a wonderful relief to drier matter, and when our young author yields to the temptation of telling them he can be as amusing as he is usually statistical. He records one of the queerest pieces of bird-lore about a jackdaw which belonged to a publican near Windsor, had its nest between two beer-barrels in the bar, and was devotedly fond of mine host. "It had," says Mr. Kennedy, "one very disagreeable trick; having searched for and found several worms and spiders, it would fly on Mr. Griffin's shoulder and try to force them down his throat, supposing, probably, he would like them as much as itself." This bird's attention was so unique, so contrary to the vulgar instinct that would have prompted most feathered fowl to appropriate rather than to communicate, so in accordance with the principle of "doing as one would be done by," that we think a true naturalist ought to have swallowed its "disagreeableness," if not the worms also. Of the jay's powers of mimicry one or two very curious instances are cited. It has been known to call fowls to their food, and to imitate their noises to perfection, as well as to mimic the barking of the house-dog. Stranger still, however, is the story told of it in Bewick, who knew of one that imitated the creaking of a saw so exactly that, though it was Sunday, the household fancied the carpenters were at work. Mention of jays, a special *bête noire* of the gamekeeper, leads us to the remembrance that deprecation of the wholesale slaughters committed by that naplot of natural history is an especial aim of Mr. Kennedy's book. It is Mr. Morris, we think, who facetiously commemorates the keeper's weakness for "garnishing the gable-end of his cottage with a sort of ornithological register." To this cause Mr. Kennedy attributes the increasing rarity of the sparrow-hawk and hen-harrier, and the fewer summer visits of the hobby falcon. "Even the harmless nightjar," he says, "is sometimes included as a hawk in the museums of such worthies"; and indeed, this summer visitor stands but a poor chance between the gamekeepers who take it for a hawk and the rustics who think it sucks the udders of goats and cows (p. 93). Apart from the interests of ornithology, there might not be very much to say for the hawk tribe, or the almost exterminated kite, which is undoubtedly very destructive of game; but the keepers extend their hostility to the owl. Of the long-eared owl, whose picture forms the frontispiece of this volume, Mr. Kennedy asserts that "for every leveret or rabbit they take, they destroy twice as many rats, mice, and moles, and this might be proved if each specimen were examined when shot"; and Bishop Stanley's story of the man who shot an owl in the act, as he thought, of pigeon-stealing, and found in its grasp an old rat three parts dead, is a very pretty case against the gamekeepers. It has been even debated whether owls might not prove better domestic mousers than cats; and the fact that a plague of field-mice, ravaging the country about Bridgwater, was stayed by the instinctive gathering of the "short-eared owls" to the rendezvous of their especial prey, is a matter of history which speaks volumes for the solemn-looking bird in question. The jay, which might take advantage of a saving clause on the score both of his beauty and his oddness, is doomed, we fear, because of his decided penchant for eggs and young pheasants; and our soothing-voiced neighbour, the wood-pigeon or ring-dove, has a specially hard struggle for life, seeing that, besides being destructive to peas and grain, it is very good eating. If it were wise it would store up turnips to eat all the year round—for country epicures say it is not good in winter, as it then has a turnip-flavour. There is little for any, save the ornithologist, to plead in respite of the magpie or the starling. Both have oddish tricks; the former is a wag every inch of him. The latter is always noticeable for its curious evolutions and manœuvres, but it is quite possible to see too much of this bird, which, like all ill weeds, multiplies apace. Just at the present season they find a tender and favourite salad for themselves in the young leaves of some of

* *The Birds of Berks and Buckinghamshire, a Contribution to the Natural History of the Two Counties.* By Alexander W. M. Clark Kennedy, an Eton Boy. Eton: Ingalt & Co. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1868.

our bedding-out plants; and when the mouths of water-pipes are stopped up, and there is a litter under the eaves of your house, it is, ten to one, the starling's doing.

But the decrease of particular birds in a district is not always to be wholly deplored, though we may miss their lively song, quaint flight, or well-noted habits. "Goldfinches," writes Mr. Kennedy, have decreased in Bucks and Berks, "in a great measure from the non-abundance of thistles, on which it loves to feed, and which are not so plentiful as heretofore." The Latin name of this bird is "carduelis"; and it would be well if other districts could give as good a reason for the lack of this merry songster in manifest agricultural improvement. In like manner, when the pee-wit, or lapwing, no longer wings his awkward flight or scuds very swiftly over land, it is a token, Mr. Morris tells us (*British Birds*, iv. 39), of good drainage. They have almost left Lincolnshire, where they used to abound; and to some such cause is ascribable, too, the almost entire disappearance of the bittern, a once familiar bird, from the banks of the Thames. Whilst upon signs and tokens we may note one or two as to weather, which may be gathered from birds. The fieldfare's migration from the North, and appearance in our country as early as September 25, is said to be indicative of a very severe winter. In stormy weather, while other birds retire with bated breath, the missel-thrush, or "storm-cock," perches boldly on a tree-top and "sings his song with Æolus himself." The "dummock," or "hedge-accentor," too, curtails his song and subdues his note in very cold weather. There is not, indeed, always as much reason in the local names of birds as in that of the "storm-cock." The merlin's other name is the stone-falcon, which ornithologists agree in deriving from the bird's peculiar colour; but the name of the honey-buzzard is a palpable misnomer, as that bird eats the bees, and not the honey. Morris thinks it may have got its name from being supposed to eat the honeycomb, when it was intent on the bees rather. Berks and Bucks are shown by our author to be rich in native songsters. It is a treasure in itself to be blessed with the nightingale, and there are few of our English warblers not in the list before us. It is rich, too, in Anatidae, the wild-geese tribe, as many as eight sorts of which are its winter visitants. Among these is the "hooper" or "wild swan," the chief distinction between which and the "mute" or tame swan is in the bill. The base of that of the tame bird is brownish-black, with the extremity yellow. The wild swan's bill is just the opposite, yellow at the base and black at the extremity. In these counties, too, may be seen the gorgeous-plumaged shoveler, and the scarcely less handsome gadwall or grey duck; and the pintail, which epicures know and appreciate on the table, is seen in some parts in considerable numbers. Among rarer and accidental visitors of this family are numbered the grey-lag goose, entitled to respect as the original of the domestic goose; the Egyptian goose, the Canada goose, and (*monstrum horrendum*!) the black swan. Mr. Kennedy's evidence as to this last is not quite conclusive. It may be suspected that, if such a phenomenon is found in Bucks or Berks, it is owing to the ill-advised kindness of far-away colonists who delight in sending home to their friends presents they know not what to do with. We know a case in point where two black swans were sent to a tradesman in a town, who had not only no piece of water belonging to him, but not even a garden. If unsuccessful in efforts to bestow this troublesome present on some country neighbour, what better could a person so circumstanced do than turn the birds adrift by some river's bank? The black swan would thus be locally chronicled as a rare and occasional visitor.

Other very uncommon birds, at least inland, are also occasionally seen in the two counties; among them the little guillemot, the double of the inland dotterel in its foolish antics and absence of apprehension of danger; and the puffin, still more rare at such a distance from the sea-coast, though Morris says it is stated to have visited Sir John Pakington's park in Worcestershire annually. Such visits, as well as that of the cormorant, are hard to credit, even when authenticated; but we easily believe that, if these erratic strangers do get so far away from their element, the fate which awaits them is likely to be that of the stormy "petrel," with an account of the last end of which Mr. Kennedy winds up his volume. This wanderer, clearly out of place where it was picked up, at High Wycombe (especially if the bird's name is derived from St. Peter, who walked, or would have walked if he could, upon the water), was taken at once to the Secretary of the Natural History Society in a state of weakness and exhaustion. It was treated with every care and attention, and it seemed grateful for a bath of fresh water. It took kindly to cod-liver oil and bread crumbs. But it sank rapidly from the moment it was treated by the well-intentioned naturalist to a bath of Tidman's sea-salt. Whether the mockery was too bitter, and the salt not salt enough; or whether, at the sniff of it, fond memory brought the light of other days and scenes back, must remain a question. Certain it is that this strayed sea-bird died outright after less than a week in confinement.

Very many interesting particulars may be gleaned by the naturalist from these pages, and, as the avi-fauna of Bucks and Berks consist of as many as 225 species, and reckon amongst them such rare birds as the golden eagle, the tern family, the purple heron, and night heron, and the hoopoe, it may be conceived that the

book does not lack valuable matter. Its author has made a creditable literary *début*, and we hope he will follow up this venture, in due season, by others in the same walk of science.

A SISTER'S STORY.*

IT has been the good fortune of French literature on more than one recent occasion to demonstrate by a striking example that the spread of public and private demoralization in that country is less extensive than might appear from a superficial inspection of social phenomena. The mere publication of such books as the *Life of Madame Swetchine*, or the *Journal of Eugénie de Guérin*, might mean little or nothing, since even in the worst times of the world's history pure and exalted natures have been met with here and there. But the popularity of these works means a great deal. Men and women have to some extent a chameleon-like faculty of taking their mental colour from their intellectual food; and, though to read about virtue will not make them virtuous, to like to read about it is at least a more hopeful symptom than that taste for reading about vice to cater for which has become the principal duty of the circulating librarian. The success of *Le Récit d'une Sœur* is the latest instance of this kind. A public which buys edition after edition of a simple episode of family history, made up from the journals and letters of three ladies living for the most part in extreme seclusion, and occupied with very simple interests, cannot have materially weakened its power of discerning good from evil. Religion, family affection, love and marriage, are happily very commonplace elements in human life, and yet they have supplied matter for a book which has been as widely read as the most exciting of contemporary novels. The narrator of *A Sister's Story*, Mrs. Augustus Craven, is the eldest daughter of the Count de la Ferronnays, who in 1829-1830 was French Ambassador at Rome. After the Revolution of July the Count resigned his post, but for some years longer he continued to live in Italy. Among the friends Mrs. Craven made there was Alexandrine d'Alopes, who afterwards married her brother Albert de la Ferronnays. About half the book is taken up with the courtship and married life of these two, while the remainder deals with the history of Alexandrine after her husband's death, and incidentally with the lives of Mrs. Craven's two younger sisters, Eugénie and Olga de la Ferronnays. The first part is derived chiefly from a journal written by Madlle. d'Alopes, and from her own and her husband's correspondence. The latter part is more fragmentary, and is founded partly on Mrs. Craven's own recollections.

Perhaps surprise is the first feeling of which the reader of *A Sister's Story* will be conscious. It is not usual in letters and journals collected, though not written, for publication to find such frank disclosures of personal feeling as those in which Alexandrine indulges. It must be borne in mind, however, that the kind of devotion with which she cherished her husband's memory naturally disposed her to make his character as widely known as possible. She seems in some sort to have regarded her narrative as the credentials for the canonization of a saint; and the large part which religion had in her affection for Albert de la Ferronnays, both before and after marriage, added to the quasi-miraculous character which she attributed to the very natural event of her conversion, will help to explain the process by which she arrived at such a conclusion. The idea of eventual publication was confirmed, soon after she had begun to arrange her narrative, by a proposal from the Count de Montalembert, her own and her husband's intimate friend, to embody the story of their lives in a book which he then looked forward to writing upon "Christian Love and Marriage":—

It would be indeed a work worthy of you [she writes in reply] as well as a great satisfaction to me, whom God made so happy in my marriage, if you were to show the world how good and desirable that kind of happiness is; that there is nothing so sweet on earth as a love which we are not afraid of owning before God and men, and that two human beings can never so fully enjoy their mutual affection, as when they serve with *one mind* the God who created them. . . . Oh! Montal, if you could contrive, by writing the story of your best friend, to make the cold and dull world understand all this, how glorious it would be for you, for Albert and for me! I hope I should not wish to enjoy that glory in this world, for it would make me too proud, though it was all owing to Albert.

"With this view," she says in another part of the same letter, "what I am now writing will be of great use to you." So far as we can judge, Alexandrine was singularly successful in "the full journal of our life" to which she here refers. Every incident in which they had a common interest is related with a charming simplicity. She became acquainted with Albert de la Ferronnays in the early part of 1832, but they were not formally engaged till the January of the next year, when Albert, who at his father's wish had consented to put his attachment to the test of a temporary absence, was allowed to return to Naples:—

I was sitting upstairs with Pauline, when all of a sudden the door opened, and Albert rushed in. . . . We went to a ball in the evening. I felt full of life and spirits, and everything I saw seemed transformed as if by magic. When I was waltzing with Albert it made me indeed a little shy to think that people were looking at us, and perhaps joking and saying with a smile: "Ah! they are quite happy now!" But nothing could spoil my enjoyment. I did not care the least what was said, and was too happy to give it even a thought. During the cotillon, which I also danced with Albert, I went up to Pauline and whispered to her, in a kind of ecstasy: "O Pauline, I am so happy."

* *A Sister's Story*. By Mrs. Augustus Craven. Translated from the French by Emily Bowles. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1868.

Alexandrine's journal at this time is full of little natural touches of this kind. She tells of her anger the first time her lover kissed her, of her being displeased when he repeated the offence a few days later, "but not so much as that other time," of her vexation when she lost a few minutes of his society by sending him away needlessly early, of her writing on a little bit of paper, "Dear friend, I have lost a few minutes. Mamma is not gone to bed yet. God bless you"; and throwing it to him from the balcony. When they were again separated in the summer of 1833, Madame d'Alopus, who had sanctioned and furthered her daughter's engagement as long as she was at Naples, became greatly impressed with the disadvantages of the marriage. Certainly these were numerous enough. Albert de la Ferronnays was younger than Alexandrine, he had bad health, he was of a different religion, and above all he had no profession. "I should like very much," Alexandrine writes, after one of many conversations on this point, "to know whether there will be professions in heaven! and if General Officers and Cabinet Ministers will rank higher there than nameless people." Madame d'Alopus's opposition does not seem, however, to have been very formidable, for on the 17th of April, 1834, without any of these obstacles being removed, the marriage took place at Naples.

We have dwelt long enough on this part of the book to indicate the kind of interest which surrounds it. It is a thoroughly romantic love story told of real persons in their own words. We know nothing in literature of quite the same kind, and the best comment on it is the remark of a lady who read the journal years after it was written—"This makes one believe in novels. I had no idea such feelings existed." The same naturalness of tone pervades Alexandrine's account of her married life. Take, for example, this little reminiscence:—

I am not sure which day it was, but about that time Albert complained once quite seriously, that I had left him for five hours. I had been out on some necessary business, and I exclaimed, "How could I help it? Was it to amuse myself?" And, provoked at Albert's injustice, I scratched his finger, as a little cat might have done. He laughed, and looked at his finger in such a funny manner, that I saw the quarrel was made up. But I was very much ashamed of my bad temper, and I went and accused myself of it to Pauline, who burst out laughing.

Some of the little incidents recorded in her journal have a quaint kind of interest from their relation to a man who has since become famous. While the Count de Montalembert was staying with them at Pisa, they had no man-servant, and as their maid was not a very efficient messenger, the Count, says Alexandrine, "used to do all sorts of things for us, such as carrying our letters to the post and buying us chesnuts." Here is another little "interior" of the same kind:—

Tuesday, January 13th, 1835.—We went to the Cascine, and then, which amused us all very much, to order a new bonnet for me. At dinner Albert suddenly announced that he intended to go to a ball that evening where we had all been invited, but had sent an excuse. I objected, for I was so afraid it would hurt him, but he persisted, and ended by saying, "I will go." He sent for my maid, and desired her to get everything ready. At last I submitted to the not very disagreeable command of making myself as smart as possible. I was certainly two hours about it. To make the thing perfect, we forced Montal to come with us. He required a great deal of pressing, and declared he had nothing to wear. Albert lent him almost everything, but we had to send for a shoemaker, and for a hairdresser to cut his hair. All this amused us immensely, and we got the shoemaker's boy to escort us to the ball, which made us all die of laughing.

A year later Alexandrine writes to the Count:—"You would pity and laugh at me at the same time, my dear Montal, if you knew how I am given up body and soul to household cares. There is not a trace left of the poetical Alexandrine. The present one is surrounded with stores of oil, potatoes, rice, candles, &c., and is perfectly well acquainted, as I beg you to believe, with the price of everything, eggs included."

Albert de la Ferronnays seems to have been one of those men whose best title to be remembered is the enthusiastic devotion which they excite in those who know them intimately. In spite of a saying which has passed into a proverb, there are men who are heroes to their valets and to no one else. But he thoroughly appreciated his wife's characteristic excellence:—

Her greatest charm of all, perhaps, is her perfect simplicity, and entire freedom from affectation. If you could only see her busying herself with household matters, and all their wearisome details, with such gaiety, and such perseverance! Where did the *cicagante* Mademoiselle d'Alopus acquire this patent? How has she learnt to be a perfect housekeeper in her kitchen, and at the same time to retain all the captivation and charms which makes everybody fall in love with her?

Alexandrine's married happiness was soon to be dashed with a continually deepening sorrow. "Ten days of happiness," she writes at a later period, "out of less than two years of married life, and this for us who love one another as much as it is possible to love. Ten days, for it was not longer that I was entirely free from anxiety about his health." The first serious attack was in July at Korsen, where they had gone to visit Alexandrine's mother, now married, for the second time, to a Russian prince. After a respite of some months, disease again manifested itself at Venice in the following January; and from that time the state of the lungs left no hope of recovery. He died at Paris on the 29th of June, 1836. Simple and touching as is all that is gone before, the best part of *A Sister's Story* is that which deals with Alexandrine's life as a widow. The great change was prefaced, or rather accompanied, by her reception into the Roman Catholic Church. The really surprising feature in this event is that it should have been delayed so long. With strong religious feelings, Alexandrine seems never to have had any religious con-

victions except such as drew her in this direction. Lutheranism, the religion of her family, had absolutely no hold upon her. As a girl her tastes led her to frequent Catholic services, and as a wife she seems to have no scruple about entire and exclusive conformity to the externals of her husband's faith. Even before her marriage she could tell Mrs. Craven that one birth or any one of three deaths would at once decide her—meaning by this, as she afterwards explains, "my own death (for I felt even then that I would not die in another religion), or my mother's, which would free me from the pain of grieving her, or Albert's. I thought, too, that if once I had a child, I should feel courage to bear my mother's grief." Indeed, Madame D'Alopus's dislike to the step was the only thing that prevented Alexandrine's taking it until just before her husband's death. This is shown with curious clearness by the letter in which she announces her determination to her mother. If she had ever had any real doubts to overcome, she would have found better reasons to give for the change. Those that do appear are evidently the first that came to hand, probably taken out of some hastily consulted controversial manual, and showing no trace of contact with her own mind. It may be imagined, however, that when to a mind so filled with religious emotions there was added the full strength of definite religious convictions, the result of the change was soon evident in a remarkable access of devotion. The twelve years of her widowhood present Alexandrine in many respects in a wholly new aspect. Her love for her husband did not glow less absolutely, but it came, as time went on, to occupy the second place in her thoughts.

Of course the degree of sympathy and admiration which the reader will feel for these later developments of her character will depend upon his estimate of the theology of the Roman Church. Alexandrine was emphatically "a good Catholic," and some things that to her seemed the natural expression of the most exalted religious feelings may appear, to those who look at things from a different stand-point, to be unintelligible or superstitious. But what must strike every one is the thoroughly natural and healthy tone which her mind preserved to the last. There was no exaggeration about her religion; it was intense, but not strained:—

Time never hung heavy on Alexandrine's hands. After such trials and sufferings, she could say as Madame Swetchine did: "that life was lovely and happy; and ever as it went on, fairer, happier, and more interesting." The melancholy which was natural to her character in youth, and which the radiant happiness that for a moment filled up her life had not been able to overcome—that melancholy which was the sign perhaps of some kind of softness of soul, and which so many deaths, and such floods of tears, could naturally have increased—had been completely put down and overcome by the love of God and the poor. One day as I saw her moving about her room which she had made so bare, with an air of the greatest gaiety, we both of us suddenly recalled the terrible days of the past when her grief had been full of gloom, and then she said what was very striking to any one who knew how deep was her unutterable love to the very last. "Yes, that is all true; those were cruel and dreadful days; but now, by God's grace, I mourn for my Albert gaily."

For some years before her death, in 1848, she spent the winter in Paris. Here in the mornings she led the life of a Sister of Charity, throwing herself into it "with an ardour beyond her strength, and a generosity beyond her means." "One day," says Mrs. Craven, "I happened to look into her wardrobe, and was dismayed at its scantiness. When we any of us made this kind of discovery, she blushed and smiled, made the best excuses she could find in return for our scoldings, and then went on just the same." After a day spent in long walks over Paris in all weathers, Alexandrine "usually put on her evening dress"—two black gowns constituted at this time her whole stock of clothes—and came down to the drawing-room, where she

was to be seen every evening, with her head bending over her work; her brown hair divided into two long plaits, a way of wearing it which particularly became her, though it was certainly not chosen on that account. She did not, however, profess to be free from all thought about her appearance—on the contrary, she was always accusing herself of still caring for admiration—and when once she heard that somebody who had accidentally spoken to her had said she was pretty, she exclaimed with half-jesting indignation: "I really believe that if I were in my last agony that would please me still!"

Probably this kind of life hastened her death, which happened on the 9th of February, 1848.

We have found it impossible to convey any adequate idea of the charm of this book. We can only recommend those of our readers who are not already familiar with it to supply the shortcomings of our criticism by making acquaintance with it for themselves. Miss Bowles's share of the work is executed with great skill. It deserves the highest praise a translation can obtain—that it makes us forget the translator.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GUIZOT'S *Mélanges Biographiques et Littéraires* * may be considered as a kind of melancholy tribute paid to the memory of departed friends. Except the essay on Gibbon which opens the volume, and the sketch of Philip II. of Spain which concludes it, every chapter is a record of illustrious persons whom the author met in society, and whose death has left in his circle a gap that nothing can fill. In his preface M. Guizot draws very powerfully the moral lesson resulting from this last farewell to the departed. If we feel so deeply the blows which death is

* *Mélanges Biographiques et Littéraires*. Par M. Guizot. Paris: Lévy.

incessantly striking around us, surely it is because we are conscious that man is not a vain shadow ever deluded by dreams. The philosophers of the present day may attempt to destroy the idea of our personality, and to prove that we are merely infinitesimal elements in the great All; but their better nature protests against such a humiliating theory, and refuses to accept what M. Guizot calls that monstrous combination of life and nothingness which is the God of modern France. Between Gibbon and M. de Daunant there is a sort of chain taking us from the middle of the eighteenth century to within a few months ago. We need say nothing here about the historian of the Roman Empire. Madame de Rumford, who comes next, and whose first husband was the celebrated Lavoisier, is known by her *salon*; that is to say, she had the gift, so rare in our own busy times, of transforming an evening party into a real intellectual treat, where conversation was fascinating without being frivolous, and where men could talk seriously, and yet never become guilty of pedantry. Madame Récamier's influence was due in a great measure to her personal attractions; but mere beauty could not have secured to her the numerous friends who formed her *entourage*, and when we know that women as well as men crowded together in the magic circle, we may feel sure that personal loveliness was not her only merit. M. Guizot has very accurately described the peculiar features of Madame Récamier's *salon*, and the influence she exercised over men so different in opinion, ideas, and social position as the Montmorencys, M. Ballanche, and M. de Barante. The Princess Lieven occupies one of the chief nooks in this collection of portraits; she was long regarded as M. Guizot's Egeria, and many apocryphal stories have been told to illustrate her political ability. From the interesting sketch here given it is evident that she had talents of no common order, and her name will be henceforward associated with some of the most important public events of the reign of Louis Philippe. The chapter devoted to M. de Barante has already appeared on this side of the Channel in an English dress. On Philip II. and his historians M. Guizot has written some excellent pages; he characterizes as they deserve the works of Prescott and Mr. Motley, and shows how the careful study of original documents has within the last few years superseded the imperfect productions of Gregorio Leti and Watson.

It is rather amusing to see M. Bersot * apologizing for publishing a collection of newspaper articles. The tone of his preface would almost lead unwary persons to believe that he was the first offender in this way, if indeed that can be called an offence which has preserved to the world a number of interesting papers otherwise doomed to destruction. With precedents such as those supplied by M. Silvestre de Sacy, M. Renan, M. Saint-Marc Girardin, and M. Sainte-Beuve, M. Bersot may safely leave his volume of moral and political sketches to stand on its own merits. It would be difficult to give here any idea of the style in which it is written; so extensive is the ground over which the author travels, and so numerous are the subjects with which he deals. We may say in general that M. Bersot's *morale* places him amongst the followers of Montaigne, whilst his *politique* entitles him to a distinguished position in the ranks of the friends of constitutional government. The articles he has collected in this volume were originally contributed to the *Journal des Débats*, a newspaper whose principles are elastic enough to admit of Imperialists like M. de Sacy, Liberals such as M. Saint-Marc Girardin, and Positivists of M. Littré's calibre working harmoniously together.

One of M. Bersot's most amusing chapters treats of M. Vapereau's *Dictionnaire des Contemporains*, where all the notabilities of the present day are represented by biographical sketches varying in length from three lines to three pages. This useful compilation is not, however, the only pantheon which Messrs. Hachette have opened for the reception of living great men.† Scientific investigators may hope to obtain their share of notice in the *Année Scientifique*; musical artists find their merits duly registered in the *Année Musicale*; for travellers we have the *Année Géographique*; whilst M. Vapereau, of lexicon celebrity, keeps the *Année Littéraire et Dramatique* as a kind of portico or entrance hall through which novelists, essayists, metaphysicians, historians, and poets must pass before they grace the columns of the *Dictionnaire des Contemporains*. The tenth volume of M. Vapereau's annual is just published, and the author takes the opportunity of casting a retrospective glance over the space which he has traversed since he began his arduous work. With its method, its bibliographical notes, its quotations and its indexes, the *Année Littéraire* is still what it has ever been from the publication of the first livraison, an excellent guide to the literary history of modern France. In years to come it will be consulted as an authority, occupying the same rank with the brothers Parfait's *Histoire du Théâtre Français*, Fréron's *Journal*, and Michaud's *Biographie Universelle*.

M. Vapereau might very fairly have been trusted with the composition of the report on the state of literature in France during the last twenty-five years‡; for no one could have performed the task in a more satisfactory manner. But we must not quarrel with the judgment of M. Duruy in selecting M. Silvestre de Sacy as the chief spoke-man on this occasion. M. Silvestre

de Sacy is the only writer who, in this special case, could make us forget M. Vapereau. On the last occasion on which a *compte-rendu* of this kind had to be prepared—that is to say, immediately after the close of the Reign of Terror—Chénier was entrusted with the duty of drawing up the report, and he took his stand upon the old classical ground. M. de Sacy appreciates very correctly the value of his predecessor's critiques, and he shows to what degree they fall short of the truth. At any rate Chénier's æsthetic principles would never be accepted at the present time; or, if they were accepted, then the mass of French contemporary literature must be sentenced to destruction without even the benefit of extenuating circumstances. MM. Paul Féval, Théophile Gautier, and Edouard Thierry have, like the triumvirs of old, partitioned the country amongst them, taking, as their respective provinces, novels, poetry, and dramatic works. It may be a question whether M. Féval, who is a novelist himself, and who affects chiefly the sensational style, was the best judge that could be found in the department assigned to him; he could scarcely feel the merits of works of fiction which derive all their interest, not from complicated plots and startling incidents, but from the study of character and the delineation of the human heart. In the same way, M. Théophile Gautier, the Rubens of modern French poetry, might not be supposed to understand all the beauties of M. de Lamartine's *Méditations Poétiques* or M. Brizeux's *Marie*. It is only fair to say, however, that the report before us is conscientiously written, and gives a fair *résumé* of the subject it professes to discuss.

M. Jules Barni, the French translator of Kant, is a member of a small French colony established at Geneva, whose endeavour is to propagate, through the means of lectures and newspapers, the tenets of democracy.* Now, as our author observes, if any political system needs to find its sanction in a sound scheme of ethics, it is surely democracy. The more freedom men enjoy, the greater is the necessity for them to govern themselves, and to subdue their passions. Where no morality exists, republican institutions necessarily gravitate towards Caesarism, and the victims of despotic rule end by destroying one another with the fragments of their fetters. So far most persons will agree with M. Barni; but we doubt whether he will find the same unanimity in favour of his idea that morality is essentially independent of every religious system whatever. The volume he now publishes comprises a series of lectures delivered both at Geneva and at Freiburg. Supposing the fundamental axioms of moral philosophy accepted, M. Barni goes on to apply them, and he examines in succession how they affect the individual, the family, the workshop, the State. As he discusses these various topics, he is naturally led to give his opinion respecting the institutions and ideas which at the present day are regarded as democratic; he criticizes the most celebrated authors who have either served or hindered the cause of democracy, and he touches upon several important points of French and international law. Thus he denies that Caesarism is identical with the form of government which he advocates, and he cannot see how the people can be said to rule when, in point of fact, the Executive power is absolute master of the liberty, the property, and the life of every member of the community. The *Code Civil*, drawn up under the immediate inspiration of Napoleon I., does not escape M. Barni's critical notice. He considers that it deals very unfairly with women; and although he does not go so far as to claim political rights in favour of the fair sex, he believes that they should not be treated as inferior to their husbands. M. Barni's strictures on M. Cousin, M. Proudhon, Kant, and Beccaria are also worthy of attention.

M. Camille Rousset, whose *Histoire de Louvois* has at once placed him in the front rank of the best French historians of our times, has just given us the interesting account of an officer of distinguished merit† who was killed at the battle of Crevelt. Count de Gisors, only son of Marshal de Belleisle, and whose short career (he died in his twenty-sixth year) forms the subject of this volume, seems to have been in every respect worthy of becoming the hero of a carefully prepared biography. Voltaire speaks of him in terms of praise, and President Hénault, in his memoirs, applies to him Virgil's *Tu Marcellus eris*. A number of papers which might have thrown much light upon the plans and political ideas of Count de Gisors have unfortunately been destroyed; but M. Camille Rousset obtained permission to consult the treasures deposited in the French Foreign Office, and he has made excellent use of the means of information placed within his reach. The *Étude historique* we are now noticing is more than an admirable piece of biography; it is also a description of the military state of France during the reign of Louis XV., and it shows how that formidable army which the genius of Louvois had organized and disciplined came to lose, not only its prestige, but its real efficiency.

The two essays published by Prince de Broglie under the title *La Diplomatie et le Droit Nouveau* are directed against the system of annexation which is now so fashionable throughout Europe, and on behalf of which certain politicians are at great pains to claim the twofold sanction of national affinities and universal suffrage. The old axioms of international law seem to have

* *Morale et Politique*. Par Ernest Bersot. Paris: Didier.

† *L'Année Littéraire et Dramatique*. Par M. Vapereau. 10^e Année. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Rapport sur le Progrès des Lettres en France*. Par MM. Silvestre de Sacy, Paul Féval, Th. Gautier et Éd. Thierry. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

* *La Morale dans la Démocratie*. Par Jules Barni. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *Le Comte de Gisors, Étude historique*. Par Camille Rousset. Paris: Didier.

‡ *La Diplomatie et le Droit Nouveau*. Par le Prince Albert de Broglie. Paris: Lévy.

disappeared for ever, and what Prince de Broglie calls *Le Droit Nouveau* has assumed their place; if we may give the name of "right" to the principle in virtue of which every large State will be able in course of time to take possession of its weaker neighbours, with the single precaution of coercing the people into a spontaneous display of universal suffrage. The theory of democracy allows, no doubt, every State to adopt whatever form of government it deems best; but it does not allow every State to extemporize at its will divisions and agglomerations, by taking no account of the frontiers of its neighbours. The present system of annexation is a most dangerous one, because it concentrates all political influence in the hands of two or three great empires; and when in after times these empires have partitioned Europe amongst them, one of them will some day find itself stronger than the others, and who can estimate the character of the conflict which may then break out?

This very serious question has engaged the attention of several journalists. M. de Strada has devoted to it a small brochure*, which deserves to be noticed here. Europe is now, he considers, politically speaking, face to face with a dilemma of so startling a nature that people are afraid of considering it. We must choose between a few great military centres supported by armies of 1,100,000 or 1,600,000 men, and the principle of federation based upon liberty. The ideas which are just now so popular will lead to ruin through war, and in the meantime they have already caused financial perturbations of the gravest kind. Immense standing armies cannot be maintained except at a heavy cost, and resources which in a healthy state of things would be applied to the development of commerce and industry are now spent in threatening one's neighbours. M. de Strada takes for granted that the old political system is dead, and can never be revived, because it owed its origin to a wrong principle—namely, that of authority, derived from either theocracy or autocracy. The duty of regenerating Europe belongs now, he maintains, to free States, which must bind themselves together in a federation, and thus stop the ever advancing tide of despotism. If they are too corrupt, too degraded, to make a stand against the encroachments of military violence, then they deserve their inevitable doom.

M. Émile Worms has obtained at the French Institute a prize for his work† on commercial speculation, and on the negotiation of shares. The volume is a very complete statement of the whole subject. M. Worms begins by giving the history of the financial associations throughout Europe. He then describes how shares are negotiated and transferred, and he concludes by examining the influence of money speculations upon public credit, the political preponderance of nations, the stability of private fortunes, and commercial affairs in general. Under the heading "Reforms," he reviews the evils connected with the class of transactions carried on at the Stock Exchange. The French laws, he observes, are powerful enough to prevent gambling, but judges are, unfortunately, too lenient, and always manage to find extenuating circumstances for the offenders. M. Worms recommends—1. The strict application of the law; 2. The sanctioning of what are called *marchés à terme*.

The second volume of M. Gustave Desnoiresterres's *Life of Voltaire* contains all the details of the Du Châtelet episode, and is entitled *Voltaire à Cirey*‡. It will be easily supposed that a person like *la divine Emilie*, who by her *liaison* with a celebrated man had herself become invested with a kind of reputation, must have been judged by her contemporaries from very various points of view. The descriptions of her which have been handed down to us are either ridiculously eulogistic or amusingly bitter. In the latter of these two categories we would place a sketch written by Madame du Deffand, and which can be found in her correspondence. Those readers who know anything of the literary history of the eighteenth century are aware that Horace Walpole's fair friend was not very good-natured, and that she understood perfectly the art of depreciating (to use a very mild expression) those who had the ill-luck to excite her jealousy or her hatred. Thomas was wont to say of her that she reminded him of a friend of his, a physician, who exclaimed one day, "My friend fell ill, I attended him; he died, I dissected his body." The only difference was that Madame du Deffand did not wait till her friends were dead to begin the autopsy. M. Desnoiresterres, referring to her portrait of Madame du Châtelet, speaks of "the infernal pencil of an infernal woman whom disgust with herself and with others led, through idleness and ennui, to commit the most atrocious defamations." This is certainly a somewhat strong verdict, though not altogether unsupported by facts; but we must in all fairness add that Madame du Deffand was not the only lady of the last century who could plead guilty of a like offence. The narrative of Voltaire's *ménage* at Cirey is far from being a pleasing one, and it does not serve to raise our opinion of Madame du Châtelet. We find the philosopher quarrelling with the lady at the dinner-table, threatening to stab her with a carving-knife, and bidding her not to stare at him with her "aquinting eyes." Then both combine to insult, in the most gratuitous way, poor Madame de Graffigny, who was staying under their roof, and who deserved the more consideration because at that time she

was absolutely penniless, and, if she had been turned out of Cirey, could not have found elsewhere a single night's lodging. The ambitious idea of Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet, of treating a subject bearing upon natural philosophy, and of competing for the prize offered by the Académie des Sciences, has supplied M. Desnoiresterres with materials for one of his most amusing chapters. The two candidates had for their antagonist the celebrated Euler, and of course they could scarcely hope to triumph over him. They did not, we are sorry to say, bear their disappointment in a proper manner, but ascribed the result of the competition to party spirit and to the influence of Cartesian traditions. The occasion was too tempting a one for the caustic humour of Voltaire's adversaries, and accordingly letters were circulated in which the "philosopher" and "philosopheres" were amusingly bantered under the guise of high-flown compliment. The system of Newton was represented as a labyrinth into which Theseus had penetrated by means of a thread supplied to him by Ariadne. The only difference between the Theseus and Ariadne of antiquity and their modern counterparts was this—the classical couple burned with a fire altogether material and sublunary, whilst the Theseus and the Ariadne of the new dispensation felt towards one another only love of the most spiritual kind. The book of M. Desnoiresterres introduces us to some of the most remarkable amongst Voltaire's friends, and also amongst his adversaries; it goes down as far as the battle of Fontenoy, and describes the great man's singular correspondence with Pope Benedict XIV., *à propos* of his tragedy entitled *Mahomet, ou le Fanatisme*, which he had the impudence to dedicate to the successor of Saint Peter.

The works of fiction which we have at present to notice are very much of the average kind. M. de Langeac endeavours to interest us by drawing upon Oriental life for the subject of his volume.* The *Adventures of a Sultan* are the condensed translation of an Arabic tale known under the name of Sultan Zuliazan's Wonderful Adventures, which was originally composed about the twelfth century of the Christian era. M. Alphonse Royer points out, in a suggestive preface, the peculiar merits of that literature which can boast of such works as the poem of Antas and the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*; he shows the true character of Bidpai's fables, and after expressing a wish that further efforts may be made to familiarize the European public with a civilization which its novelty at any rate should render interesting for us, he marks how the adventures of Sultan Zuliazan differ from the other principal monuments of Eastern fiction. We cannot say whether M. de Langeac's translation is faithful, but the tale is extremely entertaining, and it is a relief to peruse it after the questionable novels which we have too often to examine.

In his *Prosper Randoce*†, M. Cherbuliez has aimed at bringing out the contrast between two men, one of whom (Didier de Peyrols) is a kind of rustic Hamlet, always dreaming, without any faith in success, and a prey to scepticism; whilst the other (Prosper Randoce), essentially practical by nature, troubles himself very little about fancies, and keeps his eye steadily fixed upon the main chance. Didier discovers that Prosper is a brother of his, though by an illegitimate union, and, this fact rousing him by a kind of magic spell from his reveries, he determines to rescue the clever but unprincipled Randoce from a career of dissipation. All his efforts, however, are in vain, and Prosper, adding ingratitude to his other vices, deceives the generous Didier in every possible manner. M. Cherbuliez excels in the descriptive parts of novel-writing, and some pages of his new book might bear comparison with the best specimens of George Sand's style.

M. Félicien Malefille's hero‡ is a Peruvian, more than half a savage, yielding constantly to mere impulse, rushing into the wildest adventures, and committing all sorts of crime. The *Gaücho* whose confessions are here related is not much worse than some of the fashionable offenders of modern Paris society, such at least as novelists represent them to us; but he has not that outward varnish of civilization which covers a multitude of sins.

* *Les Aventures d'un Sultan*. Par Théodore de Langeac. Paris: Lévy.

† *Prosper Randoce*. Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *La Confession du Gaücho*. Par Félicien Malefille. Paris: Lacroix.

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Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes may be had at the Office, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. each.

* *L'Europe sauée et la Fédération*. Par Strada. Paris: Le Chevalier.

† *Sociétés par Action et Opérations de Bourse, considérées par Émile Worms*. Paris: Corillon.

‡ *Voltaire au Château de Cirey*. Par Gustave Desnoiresterres. Paris: Didier.

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Song.—"Sois toujours mes seuls amours,"—Schubert.

Selection from the Posthumous Works.—Etude, No. 1 (Op. 104, Book 2); Preludium, No. 1 (Op. 104, Book 1); Etude, No. 2 (Op. 104, Book 1); Preludium, No. 2 (Op. 104, Book 1); Etude, No. 3 (Op. 104, Book 2).—Mendelssohn.
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PART II.
Selection from the Posthumous Works.—Preludium, No. 2 (Op. 104, Book 1); Preludium, No. 3 (Op. 104, Book 1); Etude, No. 3 (Op. 104, Book 2).—Mendelssohn.
Song.—"Margaret at the spinning-wheel,"—Schubert.
Songs without Words.—No. 5, Book 1; No. 4, Book 1; No. 5, Book 5; and No. 5, Book 8.—Mendelssohn.
Song.—"There is a streamlet gushing" (Müllerlied); "On every tree and every flower,"—Schubert.

Songs without Words.—No. 3, Book 7; No. 4, Book 8; No. 4, Book 7; and No. 3, Book 4.—Mendelssohn.
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THE GREAT INDIAN PENINSULA RAILWAY COMPANY.

At the THIRTY-SEVENTH HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING of PROPRIETORS, held at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street, London, on Friday, May 29, 1868:

HUGH C. E. CHILDERS, Esq., M.P., Chairman of the Company, in the Chair.
The Advertisement convening the Meeting was read.
The Company's Seal was affixed to the Register of Proprietors.
The Directors' Report having been taken as read—

It was moved by the CHAIRMAN, seconded by J. G. FRITH, Esq., and resolved:
That the Report of the Directors, together with the Accounts now submitted, be received and adopted.

It was moved by the CHAIRMAN, seconded by Colonel J. HOLLAND, and resolved:
That a Fund be formed, to be called "The Great Indian Peninsula Railway Provident Fund," for the purpose of establishing a means of meeting claims of the Company's Staff upon retirement from the service, according to the terms set forth in the Directors' Report, and with power to the Directors to make such rules and regulations from time to time for the administration of the Fund as in their judgment shall be expedient.

It was moved by the CHAIRMAN, seconded by L. R. REID, Esq., and resolved:
That Mr. WILLIAM NICOL be and is hereby re-elected a Director of this Company.

It was moved by the CHAIRMAN, seconded by J. G. FRITH, Esq., and resolved:
That Mr. THOMAS ROBERT WATT be and is hereby re-elected a Director of this Company.

It was moved by Wm. McKewan, Esq., seconded by ROBT. FISHER, Esq., and resolved:
That Mr. GEORGE SMITH be and is hereby re-elected an Auditor of this Company.

The Meeting was then made an Extraordinary Meeting, and—

It was moved by the CHAIRMAN, seconded by J. G. FRITH, Esq., and resolved:
That the Directors be and are hereby authorized with the sanction of the Secretary of State in Council of India, to raise all or any part of the sum of £5,000,000 by the creation and issue at such times, in such amounts and manner, and at such price or prices, as the Secretary of State in Council of India shall think fit, of Debenture Stock, to be called "Great Indian Peninsula Railway Debenture Stock," instead of, and to the same amount, as the whole or any part of the money which is owing by the Company on Debenture Bond, or which the Company has power to raise on Debenture Bond, and to attach to the Stock so created a fixed and perpetual interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, commencing from the time or times when the Debenture Stock shall be issued.

HUGH C. E. CHILDERS, Chairman.
It was moved by HALL ROBERT PRICE, Esq., seconded by THOMAS GRIPPER, Esq., and resolved:
That the best thanks of the Meeting are due and are hereby tendered to the Chairman and Directors for their attention to the interests of the Company.

THOS. R. WATT, Managing Director.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1838.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

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At 5 per cent. per annum, subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.

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J. THOMSON, Chairman.

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The Directors are willing to appoint, as Agents, Persons of good Position and Character.

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Instituted 1820.

The Security of a Subscribed Capital of £750,000, and an Assurance Fund amounting to more than six years' purchase of the total Annual Income.

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ANDREW BADEN, Actuary.

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ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

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For the Assurance of the Lives of Persons in every Station of Life.

Invested Assets—FIVE-AND-A-QUARTER MILLIONS STERLING.

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Assurances are granted upon the Lives of any Persons for Sums not exceeding £10,000, either with participation in Profits, or at a lower rate of Premium without participation in Profits.

Profits are divided every fifth year, four-fifths thereof being appropriated to the persons assured on the participating scale of Premium.

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W. J. VIAN, Secretary.

7 67

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Corresponding New Premiums 14,830
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LOSSES PAID, £3,000,000.
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